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WORK

AND

PLAY,

BY

MARY J. JACQUES.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

CHICAGO:
T. S. DENISON.
1882.

WORK AND PLAY

A CHILDREN'S BOOK FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

MOTION EXERCISES, GAMES, RHYMES,

FOR

KINDERGARTENS AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

PART II.

CHARADES, PANTOMIMES, TABLEAUX, DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS,

FOR

EXHIBITIONS AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

By MARY J. JACQUES.

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T. S. DENISON.

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T. S. DENISON.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.

With some of the exercises of Part I directions have been given for making them effective, but more have been left to be used by the teacher in whatever way may seem best suited to the pupils, and to circumstances. Many of the pieces, being written in metres to be found in any juvenile singing book, can be sung if desirable.

It will be the teacher's province to enforce by enlargements, explanations and questions the little lessons that these exercises are intended to convey.

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WORK AND PLAY.

PART I.

WORK AND PLAY.

There's one unfailing way
To make a cheerful day,
Now mind you don't forget the rule,
'Tis: Work before you play.

There's nothing sweetens fun
Like little tasks well done;
So never try to steal your play
Before your work's begun.

There isn't one too small,
A duty comes to all;
And who's more wretched than the shirk
Who will not heed its call.

He says, "Oh! what's the use?"
He squirms and makes excuse;
He's tired, he's sick, he's lost his book,—
Let him grow up a goose!

When little scholars strive,
Like honey bees in hive,
Their minds with precious things to store,
'Tis then the school's alive.

When little hands and feet
The mother's bidding meet
With glad and swift obedience,
'Tis then that home is sweet.

So don't forget the way
To make a cheerful day;
Try, every one of you, this rule,
Work, work before you play.

THE LITTLE SPRING.

[This may be made a marching exercise led by the smallest child in the school, reciting or singing the first line, the other children gradually joining according to their size, till all unite in the river lines. Then all disperse to their seats as the last two lines are recited. Each stanza may be repeated if desirable.]

The little spring comes bubbling up,
Bubbling up, bubbling up;
It overflows its mossy cup.

And then the brook says, "Come away!
Come away! come away!
Far down the sunny fields we'll stray."

The brook runs on and stronger grows,
Stronger grows, stronger grows;
A full and steady creek it flows.

Still on, a river broad and deep,
Broad and deep, broad and deep,
Where white winged vessels proudly sweep.

Spring, brook, creek, river, great and small,
The mighty ocean swallows all.

MR. PEACOCK.

See proud Mr. Peacock display his rich train,
For do not fine feathers make a fine bird?
Alas! Can he fly over wood, stream, and plain?
And his horrible voice have you ever heard?
Then his temper is bad; so it's all a mistake
To think that fine feathers a fine bird will make.

TWO 1'S ARE 2.

Two 1's are 2,
What would you do
If you had but one shoe?

Two 2's are 4,
And that's two more,
Nice red stockings right out of the store.

Two 3's are 6,
Two 3's are 6,
Be careful and never your numbers mix.

Two 4's are 8,
Now, flaxen pate,
Let 's see you count your fingers straight.

Two 5's are 10,
Now count again;
Eight little fingers, two thumbs, nine, ten.

THE SUN.

Good morning, Sun,
What have you done,
Where have you been since we said Good-night?

"What have I done?"
Echoes the sun,
"Where have I been with my warmth and light?
I went out West,
And sent to rest
Thousands of tired little boys and girls.
Then out of the sea
I peeped with glee
(How can *I* stop while this round earth whirls?)
At Chun Wan Ling
And Sly Ping Wing,
You know,—where the fragrant tea-leaf grows.
I sent the gleams
Of morning beams
To the top of Himalaya's snows.
Coffee and rice,
Pepper and spice
Nodded and smiled as I passed their way.

With bloom and song,
Your whole night long,
The Old World joyed in its sunny day.
Now when you see
A menagerie,
Just think, I visit them all at home.
Queer kangaroos,
Apes, cockatoos,
Elephants, tigers, wherever they roam.
Islands and towns,
Deserts and downs
Watch for the dawn of my cheering face.
Nothing I miss,
My life-giving kiss
Touches the lowliest, meanest place."

O welcome Sun!
How much you've done,
How far you've been since we said, "Good-night!"

THE HISTORY OF THE FROG.

Polly-wog, polly-wog,
Hear the history of the frog.

Down in the bottom of the pond,
The first month of the spring,
A thousand eggs sink out of sight;
When will they jump and sing?

They will not stay in the depths so cold,
Not they! they grow and grow,

Till to the top they rise at last,
And then the next they know

Out peeps a little tadpole's tail.
In three weeks, no more eggs;
In six weeks after this, my dears,
Each boasts a pair of legs.

In two weeks more another pair,
First hind legs, and then fore,
To make a perfect polly-wog,
What can we ask for more?

But froggy does with something less,
Heigho! off drops his tail!
His appetite for water plants
Just now begins to fail.

He snaps at hapless worms and bugs,
He will not stay at home,
For when the month of August comes
Our frog begins to roam.

But winter finds him buried snug,
Beside some brook or spring,
And April's sun will thaw him out,
All merrily to sing.

Polly-wog, polly-wog,
What a history has the frog!

THE NOUN GAME.

[The children should be encouraged to find as many additional names as possible. This may be done by "taking sides," or by dropping from the whole number each one who gives a wrong word, or one that has been given before, those who hold out longest winning the game.]

Of all the funny little games,
There's one that's played with only names,
Now look about and let us see
How many names you'll find for me.
Chair, table, blackboard, window, door,
Book, picture, apron, now find more.

* * * * * * * * *

Nouns are names, nouns are names,
Of all the funny little games.

THE RAIN.

The south wind is blowing,
And we shall have rain,
Hark! hark! there it patters
On shutter and pane.

Come, come now, no pouting
Because you are housed,
Ill humor 's a tempest
That must not be roused.

But how came the water
  Way up in the sky?
Now isn't it funny
  If water can fly?

It flies from the ocean,
  And rivers, and lakes,
Ah! no, you can't see it,
  A sly way it takes.

It rises from gardens,
  From meadows and fields,
For every green leaflet
  Its tiny globe yields.

It rises from creatures
  That breathe in the air;
This strange flight of moisture
  Goes on everywhere.

Why doesn't it stay there?
  It catches a chill,
The globules all shiver
  And, do what they will,

They soon must come tumbling
  As larger they grow;
And when Jack Frost nips them,
  Behold! we have snow.

THE PLEASANT WAY.

Which would you rather see,
A face all full of glee,
Or a mouth drawn down,
And a dreadful frown?
Which would you rather see?

Which would you rather be,
Full off all innocent glee,
Gentle, and kind, and free,
Or impatient and glum,
Discontented and mum?
Which would you rather be?

If you prefer the pleasant way,
There are but two small words to say,
Love and Obey, Love and Obey;
That is the only pleasant way.

MUSCLES AND NERVES.

[This exercise should begin with the children in their seats At "all stiff and still," they should hold their hands rigid before them; at "every beck of the will," move the fingers rapidly. Then close the eyes at "without sound or sight," and at "round about wind," they should be so arranged that the tallest are in the center of the coil, and the smallest outside. The rest explains itself.]

What if we never could hop, skip, and run?
How in the world should we have any fun?
What if our fingers were all stiff and still,

And would not obey every beck of our will?
Nerves and muscles, muscle and nerve,
The mind is the master they're bound to serve.

How much the mind tells the quick nerves to say,
How many muscles they put into play.
Rise from your seats and step out on the floor,
Throw back your shoulders, and look straight before,
Nerves and muscles, muscle and nerve,
The mind is the master they're bound to serve.

Forward three steps, one to left, one to right,
Backward on tiptoe without sound or sight,
Open your eyes now, and turn all about,
Throw up your arms with a good ringing shout;
Nerves and muscles, muscle and nerve,
The mind is the master they're bound to serve.

Hop on one foot with arms folded behind,
Join hands, make a line, and round about wind,
Presto! unwind! and with pattering feet
See that *no one* is the last in his seat!
Nerves and muscles, muscle and nerve,
The mind is the master they're bound to serve.

ROMAN LETTERS.

I, V, X, L, M, D, C,
Come and learn their use with me.

One I one, and two II's two,
One for me and one for you,
Three III's three and IV four,
Another day we'll learn some more.

V for five and VI six,
Half way round the clock that ticks,
VII for seven must be,
VIII means five and three.

IX nine and X for ten,
Then take X and I again,
That's eleven; and XII
Is twelve; and so we're very wise.

Now, I wonder who will tell
All about M, D, C, L?

BIRDS' NESTS.

When the tired and drowsy children
Shut their merry eyes at night,
Folded safe in crib and cradle
Till the morning's pleasant light,

Where do sleepy little birdlings
Find their shelter and their rest?
Every sleepy little birdling
Has his own nice home and nest.

Robin Redbreast, saucy fellow,
Has a snuggery low and sly,
Made of leaves, and clay, and feathers
Hidden from the passer by.

In the eaves the chirping Sparrow
Makes a chamber to her mind,
Sticks, and twigs, and bits of soft things
Wonderfully intertwined.

But, I must say, Mrs. Swallow
Shows, sometimes, a taste too queer,
Keeping house down in a chimney
Can't be very nice, I fear.

Crested Wren and Yellow Goldfinch
Rock to sleep in great tall trees,
With the stars above them blinking,
Lulled and fanned by every breeze.

Bob White lodges in a grain field,—
Take cold sleeping on the ground?
Not he! warm and sweet his slumbers,
While the wheat heads nod around.

Humming Birds, the darling beauties!
Cuddle in the littlest nest,
Two the tiny, tiniest babies
Sheltered by the mother's breast.

Snipe and Rail sleep in the marshes,
Do you know that birds make boats
Something like the ark of Moses?
True enough, the Rail's nest floats.

Tap, tap, Woodpecker goes prying
All day, up and down the tree;
When his marketing is over,
To his hollow stump flies he.

Who among the feathered people
Will not stay at home at night?
"Who-o! who-o!" screams the solemn Owlet,
Pooh! He can't give *us* a fright.

THE RACES.

Spin, spin, old earth,
Turn, turn to the Sun,
Light, light each race
Till your course is run.
And with the earth as it spins and twirls
Go five different sorts of boys and girls.

Five different kinds?
Now, how can that be?
Think a moment,
What color are we?
White? Let us hope so, with clean hands and face,
Caucasian, or White is the name of our race.

Who used to hunt
Where our houses stand?
Whose children played
All over this land?
Indians? Yes, here in this very place
Once lived the Red, American race.

Dear uncle Tom,
What color was he?—
Eva's good friend—
Black as black could be.
Ah! a white soul lights the darkest face,
These are our brothers, the African race.

Who wear long cues
And a funny dress?
"Washee,"—"Melican,"—
Ah! I see, you guess.
Yellow, or Mongolian race, that's four,—
Chinese and Japanese, now one more.

With painted skin
And wild, savage looks,
You see sometimes
In your picture books
The men of the Brown, or Malay race,
They'll never come here for the fight and chase.

Spin, spin, old earth,
Turn, turn to the sun,
Light, light each race
Till your course is run.
And Earth replies as it spins and twirls,
Yes, five different sorts of boys and girls.

MR. HOP TOAD.

Mr. Hop Toad is out for his evening walk,
Be careful, O little flies!
You'll watch Mr. Hop Toad a long way off—
If you are the least bit wise.

'Tis true that his figure is fine, my dears,
A pattern of airy grace,
But those that come near him are apt to observe
A curious expression of face.

"Now what is he studying out?" they say,
A riddle, a sum, perhaps,
"For his thoughts are a million miles away"—
Then, quick as a flash, he snaps!

And the wondering fly is swallowed up
Before he has made it out;
So watch Mr. Hop Toad a long way off
Whenever he comes about.

THE ZONES.

[The Frigid Zone may be represented by a small circle of children turning slowly, and slowly repeating or singing the first two stanzas. The Temperate Zone may be a larger circle with a more lively movement, and the Torrid, larger still, and turning more rapidly. The circles being concentric, all may turn together while singing the last two stanzas.]

The Frigid Zone.

Cold, cold and slow,
With ice and snow,
A long, strange day and night;

No turn about
Year in, year out,
Will keep us warm and bright.

To cheer our doom
A late scant bloom,
With moss and lichens grey;
But Winter's reign
Too soon again
Chills all our joy away.

The Temperate Zone.

How shall we tell of the varied cheer
Circling about our changeful year?
Smiling in Spring's shy, happy face,
Shining in Summer's queenly grace,
Flaming in Autumn's glorious death,
Living in Winter's frosty breath.
Gladly we tell the varied cheer
Circling about our changeful year.

The Torrid Zone.

With verdure, and blossom, and fruitage undying,
We bask in the warmth of the tropical Sun,
And still while the earth in her orbit is flying
Our beautiful Summer will never be done.

Forever unfolding, forever renewing
Earth's brightest and richest deck forest and field.
No pitiless Winter our treasures pursuing
Can make them in death to his tyranny yield.

All Together.

Changing now the various measure,
  Blending now the differing tones,
Sing we joyously together,
  Frigid, Temperate, Torrid Zones.

All the earth is full of wonders,
  Belted round with heat and cold,
Giving of her royal bounty
  Blessings ever new and old.

THE ADJECTIVE.

[After pointing out the adjectives in these rhymes, the children may apply appropriate adjectives to the names of objects around them.]

Who doesn't know that nouns are names?
Nobody? Well, there are more word games;
This one will teach us the words to find,
That tell how many, which ones, what kind.

Three blind mice and one little boy blue,
A beautiful rosebush, the morning dew,
Some nice bananas, a scarlet cap,
A warm afternoon, a good long nap.

The Forty Thieves, a wonderful lamp,
A Mexican dog, a hungry tramp;
A tiresome talker, a jolly game,
An Irish jig and a Choctaw name.

This picture, that door, these girls and boys,
Those selfish children's expensive toys,
Each moment and every fleeting hour,
Some chocolate drops, a sudden shower.

Good resolutions and sad mistakes,
A pile of thin buttered buckwheat cakes;
Barbarous Hottentots, savage Huns,
Cranberry jelly and hot cross buns.

The first pair of skates, the last high chair,
A long-tailed kite and a breezy air;
Several faults but a temper mild,
A dutiful, truthful, docile child.

Every one try all the words to find,
That tell how many, which ones, what kind;
Adjectives they are, they're joined to names,
Some other time we'll have more word games.

THE TREES.

All.

In orchard and garden,
In forest and field,
In great crowded cities
Our bounty we yield;
Of shelter and coolness,
Of fruitage and bloom,
Of frolicsome beauty
And stateliest gloom.

The Oak.

Rugged, and strong, and brave am I.

The Pine.

Sweet is my breath, and soft my sigh.

The Elm.

Mine is a rare, bewitching grace.

The Willow.

Long swaying tresses veil my face.

The Maple.

I glow in the springtime, in autumn I blaze.

The Gum.

My beacon light shines through October's white haze.

The Ash.

My shadow is good,
And fine are the veins in my tough, hard wood.

The White Birch.

Slim, silvery stem
And nervous leaves,
When the wind with the sun
Swift fancies weaves.

The Yellow Birch.

My gifts are for use and for beauty, too,
The Indian trinket, the slender canoe.

The Locust.

I perfume the lazy summer air.

The Fir.

My snow laden foliage is passing fair.

The Larch.

With the daintiest nymphs of the lawn I vie.

The Lombardy Poplar.

My old-fashioned branches point straight to the sky.

The Tulip Poplar.

My blossom is surely the sylvan queen.

The Aspen.

Such a pitiful trembler was never seen.

The Chestnut.

Pale, delicate plumes the June air stirs,
Then, after the frost hoards of bursting burrs.

The Hickory and Beech.

On winter nights with the hearth aflame,
Plenty of nuts and a merry game,
In the good old times we flourished.

The Cherry Tree.

The robins know well what I am about,
I garnished the stolen tarts, no doubt,
Which the Knave of Hearts once nourished.

The Apple, Peach, and Pear.

With glorious bloom,
With generous cheer,
We crown the spring,
We gladden the year.

All.

In forest and city,
In garden and grove,
Give us in return
Your protecting love.
For shelter and coolness,
For fruitage and bloom,
For frolicsome beauty,
And stateliest gloom.

GREAT GRANDFATHER'S COAT.

[One group of boys may take the washing of the sheep; another, the shearing; another, the sorting of the wool, going through the motions as they repeat the rhymes. In the same way, three groups of girls may give the carding, spinning, and weaving; or one girl may take the spinning, and one the weaving.]

Great Great Grandmother.

Little John must have a new coat.

Great Great Grandfather.

Then we will wash the sheep to-day.

Washing the Sheep.

Come splashing and dashing
Into the pool,
Now rubbing and scrubbing,
How nice and cool!

The sheep are complaining
"Ba-a-ba, ba-a-ba,"
The little lambs whimper,
"Ma-a-ma, ma-a-ma."

Just wait till we hurt you
Before you cry;
You'll feel all the better
In hot July.

Come splashing and dashing
Into the pool,
A scrubbing and rubbing,
How nice and cool!

Shearing the Sheep.

Clip, clip, clip; ba-a, ba-a!
Soft and snug the curling fleeces,
Warm and soft the summer air,
Clip, clip, clip; ba-a, ba-a,
Now a winter coat for Johnnie
You can well afford to spare.
Clip, clip, clip; ba-a, ba-a!

Clip, clip, clip; ba-a, ba-a!
Never mind! the shears are harmless,
There! be still, don't be afraid!
Clip, clip, clip; ba-a, ba-a;
Gently, kindly we'll despoil you,
So, your pasturage is paid.
Clip, clip, clip; ba-a, ba-a.

Sorting the Wool.

The sheep are away on the hillside,
There's no one at home in the fold,
But there in the barn are their great-coats
That kept out the wet and the cold.

It's certain they never will miss them,
For long before Jack Frost brings snow,
Before even chilly November,
Their new coats will have time to grow.

So we will sort over the fleeces;
There's some for a new Sunday dress,
And here's for some very good blankets,
Here's tippet and mittens for Bess.

And this is for jackets and waistcoats,
And these are for stout heavy socks;
And Polly must have some ribbed stockings,
And Nancy will need two checked frocks.

This will do for Tom's everyday trousers,—
He wears out his clothes in a trice,—
Now put all the lambs' wool together,
For little John's coat must be nice.

The sheep are away on the hillside,
There's no one at home in the fold,
But thanks to their last winter's great-coats,
We dread not the wet and the cold.

Carding the Wool.

Clickety-clack the hand-cards go,
Clickety-clack, clackety-click,
Sheep's wool goes to the mill, you know,
Clickety-clack, clackety-click.

Lamb's wool is carded at home, by hand,
Clickety-clack, clackety-click.
The spinner is waiting, you understand,
Clickety-clack, clackety-click.

Waiting for soft, round rolls of wool,
Clickety-clack, clackety-click,
There are enough for a spindle full,
Clickety-clack, clackety-click.

How many spindlefuls will do?
Clickety-clack, clackety-click.
Oh!—card away till we get through,
Clickety-clack, clackety click.

Spinning.

Hum, hum, whir-r;
With a step and a turn
You will easily learn,
Hum, hum, whir-r.

Hum, hum, whir-r;
Use your very best art,
Lest the yielding roll part;
Hum, hum, whir-r.

Hum, hum, whir-r;
For a fine, even thread,
Back and forth must be led;
Hum, hum, whir-r.

Hum, hum, whir-r;
Spin the warp and the weft,
Pretty spinner so deft,
Hum, hum, whir-r.

Hum, hum, whir-r;
Twine a sunbeam or so
With your work as you go;
Hum, hum, whir-r.

Hum, hum, whir-r;
'Tis the spinning-wheel's song,
All the afternoon long,
Hum, hum, whir-r.

Weaving.

The clouds of September scud over the sky,
Across the long web the swift shuttle must fly;
Down, wavering down, the bright autumn leaves float,
Cold weather is near, John must have his new coat.
Fly, shuttle fly! The swift threads meet;
Ply, weaver, ply your nimble feet.

The days may be short, and the nights may grow long,
There is cheer in our work, there is joy in our song,
There is humble thanksgiving to soften our mirth,
For the bountiful fruits of the Mother Earth.
Fly, shuttle fly! The swift threads meet;
Ply, weaver, ply your nimble feet.

The field and the orchard, the barn and the fold,
Have yielded their tribute more precious than gold.
The thresher, the miller, the weaver can tell
The Lord of the harvest hath done all things well.
Fly, shuttle fly! The swift threads meet.
Ply, weaver, ply your nimble feet.

THE WIND.

How does the wind blow?
Say, do you know?
Where does it come from?
Where does it go?

It's nothing but air,
And that's not rare,
Air in a hurry
To get somewhere.

Why doesn't it stay
And spend the day?
Why must it always
Away, away?

Dame Nature, you see,
Will not agree
That the smallest cranny
Should empty be.
She calls for the air,
Now here, now there;
"Rush down that valley,

Run up that stair!
Sweep over the Sea
And bring with thee
Great laden vessels,
Rest not, go! flee!"
And the tireless wind
Must ever find
Some pressing errand
Is just behind.

Now it is soft as a baby's breath,
Now it is terror, ruin, and death!
Up on the mountains, down by the shore,
In at each window and open door;
Soothing the sick, inspiring the strong,
Rollicking, whistling, singing a song,
Moaning and howling and sighing "Ah–h Me–e!"
Wonderful, changeful old Wind is he.

THE CONTINENT.

[The children join hands forming an irregular outline like the shores of a continent, facing the outside till they have sung the first two stanzas. Then they face the inside while singing the second two, waving their hands toward the fields, forests, and deserts, raising them as high as possible for the mountains, and less high for the hills, and making a winding motion for the rivers. In the fifth stanza they suit the action to the words, making an isthmus and a peninsula, and then separating the latter from the continent for an island. At the last stanza they break up into little groups to represent a number of islands, and then disperse to their seats.]

Geography shall be our song,
Now all join hands, stand fast, hold strong,
All in and out our line is bent
For we must make a continent!

Outside the sea comes dashing round,
It cannot break its sandy bound,
But ripples up in gulfs and bays,
And round the capes and headlands plays.

Within are countries, cities, homes,
And wild woods where the savage roams,
And grain fields stretching wide and fair,
And desert wastes with scorching air.

Great mountains raise their snowy heads,
Bright rivers sparkle in their beds,
And make the winding valleys green,
The wavy hills roll on between.

Now bend the shore, an isthmus trace,
It holds peninsula in place,
But when the waves dash strong and high
Behold! an island, by and by.

Then break in groups and scatter, so,
What's this? an Archipelago;
Now little islands let us play
The sea has washed you all away.

THE SUN, THE EARTH, AND THE MOON.

[A group of children may represent the Earth; one girl, the Moon; one boy, the Sun. At the beginning of the song the Moon is between the Sun and the Earth, and on a line with them. At the fourth stanza she has slowly advanced over one-eighth of the circle she is to describe around the earth; at the sixth, one-fourth, at the eighth, one-half, bringing her to the full Moon point. During the remainder of the exercise she continues her circuit around the Earth. At the last two stanzas the earth group formed of little concentric rings may turn about for the daily motion, and at the same time move along an imaginary curve around the Sun.]

The Earth.

No clouds are in the evening sky,
The stars have all come out,
But where is now my Lady Moon,
Gone off alone to pout?

The Sun.

Your Lady Moon now turns to me
Her soft and silvery gaze,
But never mind, your time will come,
We know her tricky ways.

The Moon.

Ah! why should I be so accused
Of faults that are not mine?
How can I always cheer and charm
With only borrowed shine?

The Earth.

There ! There ! behold her in the west;
Veiled, almost out of sight;
A glimpse of cheek, a gleam of chin,
Is all we get to-night.

The Moon.

The Sun himself for all his boast
Sulks many a tiresome day,
If I am tricky, fickle, cross,
Just what is he, I pray?

The Earth.

She smiles, she dimples, half-unveiled,
My gentle Lady Moon,
How can I owe a grudge to her,
When she relents so soon?

The Moon.

I, who must ever turn about
This fussy, restless Earth,
May well be weary, now and then,
Of both her woe and mirth.

The Earth.

Now like a queen she rides in state
Up through the cloudless way,
The harvester sings in the field,
The happy children play.

The Sun.

But where would be your gracious Queen
Without my royal aid?
And when, and how, fond babblers, will
Your debts to me be paid?

The Earth and The Moon.

Together through the centuries
Our ceaseless course we run;
The Moon about the whirling Earth,
And both about the Sun.

The Sun, The Earth, and The Moon.

And all join in a wondrous scheme
Of seasons, nights, and days,
So let no discord mar our hymn
Of love, and peace, and praise.

THE VERB.

The minnows swim, the robins fly,
And children play and run;
Verbs tell what things and people do,
And now our game's begun.

John reads, Jane talks, and Julia laughs,
Sam guesses, Mary knows,
The magpie chatters, thrushes sing,
Time passes, Summer goes.

Grain ripens, lovely flowers fade,
The yellow apples fall ;
The farmer smiles, the beggar fears,
The workmen shout and call.

Clouds gather, thunder rolls, rain falls,
Hail rattles, cold winds blow,
The kettle boils, the biscuits bake,
The tarts stand in a row.

The boy complains, the baby cries,
The mother rocks and pats ;
The teachers praise, the scholars try,
Will throws, and Henry bats.

Heat melts, cold freezes, water flows ;
Bears fight, doves coo, wasps sting ;
The lawyer writes, the tailor sews,
The merry bells do ring.

Hope cheers, and Truth ennobles all,
Sweet Patience smooths our ways,
Faith trusts and watches, works and waits,
And Love forever stays.

DADDY LONGLEGS' DONATION PARTY.

The Grasshopper summoned his neighbors one day,
For something quite pressing he wanted to say.

The Grasshopper.

The fact is, that Longlegs, our worthy old friend,
Is ailing and poor, and perhaps near his end.
A donation party would be just the thing,
For surely each one of us something can bring.
Now I, as you know, never vary my plan,
I donate molasses, a pretty large can.

The Ant.

I'll give him some straw and a bundle of wood,
For bedding and fuel do old people good.

The Bee.

I'll spare him some excellent pieces of wax,
I'll warrant his chamber is all full of cracks.

The Wasp.

Some paper, a choice neutral tint, I'll provide,
The chinks from the nurse and the doctor to hide.

The Cricket.

If Daddy a little tisane can digest,
I'll make one of bread crumb and go with the rest.

House Fly.

Their screens are shut tighter than ever this year,
I'll get him a morsel, though, somehow, no fear!

Dragon Fly.

The doctors all order medicinal springs,
I'll bring him a draught and a douche on my wings.

Butterfly.

Some nectar to sweeten his powders and pills,
Would help him, no doubt, to put up with these ills.

Lady Bug.

I've studied the question of diet, I'll own,
I know what will raise a weak stomach's tone.

The Spider.

A web of fine sheeting I thought of at first,
It will not be amiss, should worse come to worst.

The Mosquito.

I've tortured my brain to think how I could aid,
Oh!—what would you say to a band serenade?

Katy-Did.

For my part, I mean to display my good will,
By trying, for once in my life, to be still.

The Moth.

Though useless, I'm sorry to say, in daylight,
I'll gladly sit up with the patient at night.

They came with their potions, and goods, and advice,
Said poor Daddy Longlegs, "Well, now, this is nice."

THE RAINBOW.

[One child may represent the sun, and a group of children holding the rainbow colors in tissue papers or ribbons, may answer for the raindrops, while the group of questioners stands between them and the sun.]

Children.

How can rays of clear, white light,
Make this wondrous, glorious sight?
Are there jugglers in the air,
Playing tricks so strange and rare?

The Sun.

Ask the little drops of rain,
They have something to explain,
How they meddled with my light,
How they made the gorgeous sight.

The Raindrops.

That is rather hard to say,
But we did it, any way;
First we bent the rays' straight line,
Then we used a mirror fine,
Which reflected them to you—
Truly this is what we do
When this heavenly arch we spread,
Blue, green, yellow, orange, red;
For the blue light bends the best,
Then come after it the rest,
With the glowing red inside;
So the bow sweeps fair and wide.

The Sun.

All the hues that charm your sight
Dwell in my pure, pearly light;
Flower, and bird, and precious stone,
Only give me back my own.

Children.

Blessed be the sun and rain,
This shall be our glad refrain;
Blessed be the Lord of light,
He who gives us sun and sight.

MATHEMATICAL CAKE AND PIE.

[In the first stanza two children, some distance apart, represent the two points to be connected by a straight line of children joining hands. Three or four additional ones enter the line to make it crooked. Two equal straight lines of pupils crossing at right angles in the center of each line, one radius being moved for the adjacent acute and obtuse angles, represent the pie. Four equal straight lines forming a square, afterward altered for the oblong, make the cakes.]

The straight line is the shortest way,
To get from point to point;
The crooked line is a longer way,
A way all out of joint.

Two straight lines crossing so, on pie,
Four equal pieces make;
And four right angles are the points,
You don't care which you take.

If Susie thought her piece too large,
She might give some to Joe;
Her angle then would be acute,
And his, obtuse, you know.

The line of crust about your pie
Is quite a lovely curve,
Just so far from the center out,
The circle must not swerve.

Now cut your crust off straight across,
Four triangles appear;
The quarters are right-angled ones,
That certainly is clear.

A triangle that's called obtuse,
Joe's portion now becomes;
Sue's triangle is named acute,
And she gets fewer plums.

A cake that has four equal sides,
And four right angles, too;
A good square cake all light and plump,
With blueberries all through.

That's very well, but if you wish
Whole slices to go round,
An oblong cake with shorter ends,
A better plan is found.

THE FLOWER.

[One little girl sits in the center, holding in her lap a few small balls, which represent the seeds in the pistil. Five of the smallest children stand close around her, and facing her, holding in their closed hands small bits of paper for the pollen in the anthers of the stamens. Five others stand around these facing the outside of the ring. These are the petals. Outside is another ring of five for the sepals. At first they are crowded closely together for the bud. In singing the last two lines of the first stanza the rings all gradually enlarge, and at its close the sepals drop on their knees. The petals expand their ring a little more as they sing, and then remain standing. The stamens at the last line of their stanza, drop their bits of paper on the seeds in the lap of the pistil. All sing the last stanza together.]

The Sepals.

Folded safely in our keeping,
Lies the secret of the flower;
Sun, and rain, and coaxing breezes,
Strive to win it every hour.

The Petals.

Now, at last, our bonds are broken;
Ah! how fresh this summer air;
Life for us has one sweet duty,
Just to make a flower fair.

The Stamens.

We must guard the precious pollen
In our anthers snug and fast,
Till it slowly, surely ripens,
Ready for its work at last.

The Pistil and The Stamens.

Then when comes another summer,
Other flowers will grow and thrive,
Just because our care and forethought
Kept the baby seeds alive.

The Whole Flower.

Work and duty, grace and beauty,
This is all our little part;
He who reads aright our lesson
Let him lay it well to heart.

FOUR-FOOTED HOUSEKEEPERS.

Out in the orchards, the fields and the woods,
Building queer houses and hoarding their goods,
Four-footed people so busy and shy
To hide their housekeeping from us vainly try.

Dame Squirrel's apartments she finds ready made,
In trees of the woods where no rent need be paid;
Their hollows are cupboards as nice as you please.
She fills them with acorns and nuts at her ease.

The poor timid Rabbit retires under ground,
In hopes that her nursery will not be found.
She carpets it warmly sometimes with her hair,
And brings up her numerous rabbitkins there.

The Field Mouse provides for her long Winter rest
Some snug little mound for a pantry and nest;
Then placing her grain and her nuts very near,
She naps and she nibbles the rest of the year.

They say that the tiniest, cunningest house
Belongs to the downy, wee, brown Harvest Mouse,
It hangs like a ball on the stalks of the wheat,
You can't find its door, for the work is too neat.

Friend Woodchuck works hard for his poor little cell,
His paws are his tools, and he does his work well.
He digs and he shovels like two hired men,
He knows he shall sleep sound till Spring comes again.

It's plain that at home Mrs. Mole won't be caught,
So wisely her underground dwelling is wrought,
Down deep in the ground a large circular space,
Two circular galleries over this place,.
Eight different ways to go up, down, around,
Three different passages out in the ground.

The Weasel knows well eggs and chickens are nice,
He steals to the coop, helps himself in a trice,
Then off to his hole by the edge of the creek,
He takes his long body, smooth, slender, and sleek.

Down in the thick bushes beside some tall tree
Sly Madam Opossum is mum as can be,
Fruit, insects, and eggs are the fare she provides,
Her little ones safe in her pocket she hides.

O Mr. Raccoon ! we have heard of your pranks,
And your old hollow tree by the river banks;
When corn, fruit, and cane to tempt you all fail,
You fish for some crabs with the end of your tail.
And oysters, you know, are delectable raw,
But when the shell shuts, pray look out for your paw !

To "work like a Beaver" means work, sure enough.
They have such a labor to saw out their stuff.
With branches and mud Winter cabins they build,
Their tails for their trowels, the chinks are all filled.
Then a dam must be made, just outside by the door,
So the water will always be high on their shore,

To cover the entrance way down out of sight,
And not let low water freeze over it tight.
Up stairs in their parlor they lounge and they chat,
Down stairs is their larder,—roots, leaves, and all that.

THE HEART AND THE BLOOD.

What beating is this that I feel in my breast?
A wonderful engine that never must rest.
But what is it doing, all night and all day?
Why, sending your life-blood along on its way.
And why must our blood always be on the go?
Your flesh and your bones must be nourished, you know.
How can the blood travel to head, hands and feet?
Three lines of canals make its journey complete.
Which way does it go, and how does it start?
An artery takes it, left side of the heart.
How far does it take it, and where does it change?
All over the body the arteries range.
Oh!—What is the use then, of more than one line?
The arteries end in small vessels *so* fine.
But how does the blood ever find its way back?
The veins take it then, so it can't lose its track.
And when it gets back, does the heart let it in?
Yes, on the right side, where its walls are quite thin.
You said that it started round on the left side?
Before it gets there we must have it re-dyed.
Why! Can the blood really get faded and pale?
Not that, it is dark-colored, worn out, and stale.
Then how can the heart ever make it bright red?
The heart can't do that, but the lungs must, instead.

Well, then, is the work of the heart at an end?
No, the blood to the lungs the heart now must send.
And what is done to it when once it gets there?
In the lungs' little cells it takes in the fresh air.

And when that is over?
Then back to the heart
And out the left side again,
With a fresh start!

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

We are three kingdoms as old as the earth,
And still we are young to-day;
We are three kingdoms that, wide as the earth,
Still rule in our own good way.

Who are your subjects, and what are your crowns?
And where are scepter and throne?
Show us the palaces of your kings,
Name the countries that they own.

Animal Kingdom.

Little we care for a palace and throne
When all the wide world is ours,
When every moving and breathing thing,
For tribute brings its powers.
The roar of the lion, the gnat's fine hum,
The breath of the mighty whale,
The nests of the birds, the coral isles,
'Tis a wondrous, endless tale.

The Vegetable Kingdom.

For scepter and crown we need not care
Who have the oak and the rose,
The wheat and the corn, the palm and the fern,
Every leaf and flower that grows.

The Mineral Kingdom.

And as for the countries that we own,
If all their names you ask,
The map of the world will be worn out
Before you have learned your task.
The silver and gold, and precious stones,
The stores of iron and coal,
The diamond and the wayside dust,
Our kingdom claims the whole.

THE SENSES.

Oh! tell us if you ever think
What joys we bring to you?
And how our kindly help is given
In every thing you do?

The Children.

Who are you, then, mysterious friends
That make such urgent claims?
Unfold to us your benefits
And let us know your name.

The Senses.

Five priceless open doors are we,
That lead into the mind,
Where knowledge fair and pleasure rare
A constant entrance find.

Sight.

Shut now, your bright eyes, every one
And what would be your state
If no more pictures should come through
My lovely crystal gate?

Hearing.

Then fancy how your life would seem
Shut out from every sound.
Instead of laugh, and chat, and song,
Dull silence all around.

Touch.

What if your busy fingers had
No sense to know things by,
What clumsy fumbling it would be
The smallest work to try.

Taste.

If oranges were just as good
As sawdust cake and pie.
If sugar plums were quinine pills,
You'd have a mind to cry.

Smell.

The brightest flower without perfume
Would never be so good,
The odor of your pear or peach,
Might be a fairy's food.

The Children.

Thanks! thanks to you, five precious friends,
We own your urgent claims,
Sight, Hearing, Touch, and Taste and Smell,
We cherish well your names.

FOOD PLANTS.

Wheat, Barley, Oats, Rye, Indian Corn and Potatoes.

A goodly fellowship are we,
A league for life and strength,
Earth gladdens with our victories,
Throughout her breadth and length.

Wheat.

I love the warm and temperate zones,
I am the farmer's gold,
My white bread cheers the toiler now,
'Twas for the rich of old.

Barley.

I brave the cold with bristling beard,
I've wandered wide, in sooth,
Since Boaz saw among his sheaves
The gentle gleaner Ruth.
The baker and the brewer, too,
Know how my grain to prize,
And barley sugar once was dear
In little people's eyes.

Oats.

A Scotch mist will not chill my heart,
I thrive for man and beast,
For brain, and bone, and foddering,
The great things and the least.

Rye.

In sandy soil, in northern climes
That kill the dainty wheat,
My hardy growth fails not to yield
The peasants' brown bread sweet.

Indian Corn.

With tassels fine and streamers gay,
A silky, milky ear,
The New World's har vest gift am I,
The cronwed king of cheer.
What merry-makings will compare
With husking frolics past,
My hasty-pudding and hoe-cake
Have broken many a fast.

The Potato.

I boast no grace, no favor claim,
Earth's hardy, helpful child,
My homely tubers grope for life
In regions stern or mild.

WHAT THE FISHES THINK.

Your valleys may be lovely,
Your mountains grand and high;
They're both in our opinion,
Insufferably dry.

Your groves and woods are charming?
Your fields are full of flowers?
Here floods of gayest sunshine?
There wild and shady bowers?

Yes, you have many pleasures,
Considering your room;
But down in our great ocean
What space for life and bloom!

What storehouse of hid treasures,
What wonderlands untold!
Queer flowers that are fishes,
Their fans and stars unfold.

Anemones that swallow
And move without a breeze,
And graceful, branching corals,
The ocean's curious trees.

Sea-chestnuts that can travel,
Medusas with long hair;
And living, thirsty sponges,
Pearl oysters, seaweeds rare.

Cold-blooded, silent, are we?
Ah, well! we have our fun,
Who freely move as we do,
Care not to fly or run.

And how one *can* be happy
With neither fins nor gills,
And without scales contented,
Our minds with wonder fills.

Then keep your fields and valleys,
Your woods and mountains high,
They're all, in our opinion,
Insufferably dry.

GOOD FAIRY PATIENCE.

Boy.

There! My shoe string has gone in an old hard knot,
And the boys are all out with their skates on the lot;
I'll break it!

Patience.

Nay! don't, there's a cool little man,
But manage it, coax it, untie it, you can!

Girl.

I'll just throw this bothering pencil away,
The point of it breaks fifty times every day.

Patience.

Fifty times? Now suppose we should call it twice;
Then, bearing on gently, you'll find it quite nice.

Girls and Boys.

It's always the way, it must just go and rain!

Patience.

And why should that make you so loudly complain?

Girls and Boys.

We wanted to go to the woods for some flowers.

Patience.

I'll warrant they're glad you don't order the showers.

Girl.

Oh! I know I was never so warm before,
Not a breath comes in at the window or door.

Patience.

One touch of my wand, all so gentle and light,
Will banish the heat and the fidgets outright.

Boy.

It's always work, work; I'm as tired as can be;
I shall never be done, I'm sure I can't see
The use!

Patience.

Of such fretting? Nor I, for we know
Without it, you might have been done long ago.

Boy.

Somebody has just gone and taken my ball,
I've looked everywhere, I can't find it at all.
Provoking!

Patience.

That's true, but I know a droll way,
Let the ball find itself, it will some fine day,
Or troublesome somebody, always to blame,
May happen to think where he played his last game.

Girl.

Now, stop! will you? can't you just let me alone?
I'll go and tell mother! see what you have done!

Patience.

No, tell me! the very best way with a tease
Is just to be jolly and quite at your ease.
He'll get tired of that, and the first thing you know
In search of some better amusement will go.

Girl.

Oh! how my head aches! I can't study or play,
I must starve and be quiet the whole long day.

Patience.

That's hard, but believe me, my poor little friend,
There's nothing like patience for hastening the end.

HOW THE WILD FLOWERS COME.

[In Springtime this may be made a useful exercise in botany, by having the children find each of the flowers named. As the teacher calls for each flower, a child might advance and present the flower repeating the lines describing it. As the flowers are not all in season at the same time, the exercise may be divided into several lessons.]

Pussy Willow.

Here we come! Never fear!
It will be a good year,
For the bare cold time is over,
And my silvery gleam,
In the lane, by the stream,
Greets every Spring-loving rover.

Arbutus.

Under the snow
I thrill and glow,
A gentle hand will find me;
A tender lip
My breath will sip,
In a posy rare she'll bind me.

Blood Root.

Still, still and white
Through the chill Spring night
I long for the light.

Dandelion.

Hardy and cheerful, I come to stay,
Now, merry children, run out to play.

Hepatica.

I almost thought
That I was caught,
That the robins did not mean it;
But I have heard
One real blue bird,
With my very eyes I've seen it.

Anemone.

I heard it, too,
I will come with you,
Dear sturdy little neighbor;
How sweet to hear,
Afar and near,
The sound of Springtime labor.

Cowslip.

I am ready and waiting, but don't forget
That my yellow cups are fond of the wet.

Innocents.

We feel the throb of Mother Earth's breast,
Our lowliness breathes of peace and rest.

Violets.

If blue is true and purity white,
Why should we not be your hearts' delight.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

You will all find my text, my brethren good,
On every leaf in the field and wood;
And the text is the sermon, you need not stay,
You will have the more time to praise and pray.

Dog-Wood.

These are the young year's gala days,
When the Maiden Earth light-hearted plays.

Buttercup.

By the look of your chins I rather doubt
If Moolly's butter will quite hold out.

Clover.

Come, honey-bee, now is your harvest time.

Daisy.

Come, maidens, weave me a mystic rhyme.

Columbine.

"Sweets to the sweet," my loves,
Good temper's a gem, my doves.

Laurel.

Oh! pure is the breath of my mountain air,
But the vale with the mountain, too, must share,
My daintiness so fair.

Swamp Pink.

The drip of an oar,
A bend in the shore,
And the spoilers are upon me.

Pond Lily.

They have found me out,
And the victor's shout
Told how joyfully they won me.

Blue Flag.

My pennons the line of the marshland trace.

Wild Rose.

The wayside loves my gentle face.

Cardinal Flower.

Here's a fete in progress down by the brook,
If red is your color, pray come and look.

Golden Rod.

Passing? 'Tis true,
But what would you do?
Sit down and pine and mope?

Aster.

Nay, purple and gold
Are the tokens old
Of a royal life and hope.

Gentian.

Blue as October's own blue sky,
Smiling we breath, "good-by, good-by."

Witch Hazel.

The hand of Nature its cunning keeps
Though under the frost November sleeps.

ALPHABET, THE CONJUROR.

A is for Alphabet, Conjuror old;
B, for the books that his marvels unfold.
C, for cute Children all eager to read,
D, for the Drones that will never give heed.
E is Endeavor that opens the door,
F is the Fairyland learners explore.
G, for the Giants whose knowledge is might,
H, for the Heroes that grim error fight.
I, for Intelligence, always awake,
J, for the Jewels no robber can take;
K, for the Kingdom whose throne is the mind,
L is for Letters, the pride of mankind.
M, Memory fastens the Conjuror's spell.
N, Nature has no end of secrets to tell.
O is the Order that science maintains,
P, Poetry weaving its magical chains.

Q, Questions that spring up on every side.
R, Reading that opens fair prospects and wide.
S, Study, the Conjuror's sturdiest elf;
T, Tasks that he joyously sets for himself.
U, Usefulness, waving the Conjuror's wand.
V is variety, learning's fine bond.
W, Wisdom, the crown and the end.
X, Xenophon, Alphabet's ancient friend.
Y is for Youth, the old Conjuror's pet.
Z, Zeal that makes grey beards the long hours forget.

WORK AND PLAY.

PART II.

WINTER AND SPRING.

A PANTOMIME.

Winter has a very red nose and white hair and beard. He wears a long surtout, having faint patches of raw cotton attached to it for snow. On his head is a sealskin cap, and around his neck a worsted scarf. He carries a string of sleigh-bells and a pair of skates, and drags a sled after him. Slung over one shoulder is a strap having a pair of bellows hanging from it under the other arm.

He blusters across the stage and looks about fiercely. Then Spring peeps in timidly at one side. She wears a dull grey dress, with a thin green veil flying about her head and shoulders. When she first appears Winter has his back turned toward her. He fidgets and pulls at his scarf, then turns suddenly and confronts Spring, who makes a courtesy and advances doubtfully to meet him. He frowns awfully, jingles his sleigh-bells, clatters his skates and sled, and, seizing the bellows, blows furiously at Spring, who retreats out of sight.

Winter ties his scarf, nods at the audience, and sits down on the sled to put on his skates. Just as he is strapping the second one, Spring, wearing a green scarf, slips in at the other side, and, leaning over his shoulders, tickles his nose with a budding branch. He springs up, loses his balance, and falls sprawling. Spring dances lightly around him, waving her branch in triumph, till he gathers himself up and blows her off the stage again.

Winter then jerks off his scarf, takes off the skates and puts them in a bag, stands the sled on end, and is looking about for a place to hang up the sleigh-bells, when Spring re-enters with a light wreath of green leaves on her head, and a few spring flowers in her hand. She wears a large green apron, in which she holds something concealed. She throws a kiss at Winter and waves him off, shaking her hand for good-by. He smiles and shakes his head, but coaxingly beckons her to come to him. Pretending he cannot unbutton his surtout, he motions for her to help him; but when she pulls at the sleeves to take it off altogether, Winter resists, nips the leaves of the wreath, and blows at the flowers now in her belt. The flowers drop, but Spring stands her ground, and keeps blowing kisses at winter, whereat he becomes uneasy and throws open his surtout as wide as possible. Spring watches for an unguarded moment, and pulls off one sleeve of the coat, which drags on the floor. Winter holds fast to the other sleeve, moving slowly away, while Spring produces from her apron balls of dande-

lions, violets, and other spring flowers, with which she pelts him so fast that in dodging the missiles, he lets the overcoat and bellows fall off with a clatter. He pulls off his cap, wipes his brow, and still retreats, shaking his fist at Spring, who draws some fruit blossoms from her apron and shakes them menacingly in his very face.

He sniffs contemptuously at them, then suddenly staggers back and reels off the stage.

Spring makes a mocking courtesy to his retreating figure. Then she throws her balls of flowers right and left among the audience, and the curtain falls upon her smiling and kissing her hands.

Artificial flowers can be used for this pantomime, but it will be much prettier if performed when the natural flowers are to be had. Should no tree or shrub be late enough to furnish the budding branch at that time, any branch, stripped of its green leaves, might answer.

CHARADE—BANDAGE.

First Scene: BAND.

Characters: Tommy Jones, Will and Sam Page, Charles May, Joe and Fred Stanton.

Scene: Mrs. Stanton's dining-room, around the table of which the boys are sitting and looking at pictures and sketching with colored pencils. Joe, the oldest, is twelve years old; Tommy, the youngest, seven. The ages of the rest range between.

Tommy [Throwing down his pencil].—I'm tired of this. What was that good fun you were going to tell us, Joe?

Joe.—Oh! yes, the very thing! Say! boys, let's perform a concert like Gilmore.

Boys.—Oh, yes! Let's.

Sam.—What shall we perform it on?

Joe.—I'll be the leader and furnish the instruments.

Joe leaves the room, and soon comes back with a drum, a tin horn, two dust-pans, a mouth-organ, and a large tin funnel. Sam has the drum, Will the dust-pans, Tommy the mouth-organ, Charles the tin horn, Fred the funnel.

Tommy.—What are you going to play on, Joe?

Joe.—Nothing, you simple! I am going to lead.

Fred.—You can't lead without white gloves and a white neck-tie, and a swallow-tail coat.

Joe.—No, of course I can't. Let me see. Uncle Ed. has a whole drawer full of old party gloves, and he won't care if I borrow his swallow-tail. Tune your instruments, gentlemen.

While Joe is gone for his costume, Fred covers a pocket-comb with paper, and, holding it to the small end of the funnel, plays Sweet Home. Will experiments with the dust-pans and decides to strike their backs together, first at the handles and then at the outer edge. Charles toots Yankee Doodle on the horn, Tommy blows the mouth-organ, and Sam rolls the drum.

Joe returns, wearing a white cravat and a dress

coat and white kid gloves much too large for him. He has several sheets of music which he distributes to the boys.

Will.—What a swell leader!

Joe [Looking severe, and tapping with a cane on the back of the high chair on which he places his music].—Order!

The musicians, except the drummer, sit astride with their faces toward the backs of the chairs against which they stand their music.

Joe.—The Star Spangled Banner, gentlemen. "Oh! say can you," will be played as a duet by the funnel—ahem! the trombone and French horn, and the rest will come in like blazes—ahem; fortissimo on "see," and on "light." Let the "rockets red glare" be spirited, and the "bombs bursting in air" perfectly tremendous, crescendo, sforzando, prestidigitando!

They play according to the leader's directions. When they reach "the bombs bursting in air," the dining-room door opens, and May Stanton appears with her fingers in her ears.

May [Laughing].—Mother wants to know what in the world you are doing. Don't you know you can't make such a horrible noise in the house? You have spoiled grandmother's nap, and frightened the baby.

Second Scene: AGE.

Place: The Stanton play-room. Characters: The same as those of the first scene, with May Stanton and Alice and Nellie Jones.

Joe.—The baby's all right now; but I forgot about grandmother, that's a fact.

Will.—She's awful old, isn't she?

May.—She is very old, but she isn't a bit awful; and she only laughed when she woke up and heard that dreadful concert right under her.

Joe.—Why she can remember long before there were any railroads, and when there was a war with England, and a year when it snowed in June. She is eighty-*five*.

Polly.—I'm *five*, going on six.

Will.—Are you? What can you remember?

Polly.—I can 'member "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and "Now I lay me." Can't I, May?

They all laugh, and May kisses Polly.

Third Scene: WHOLE WORD.

Place and characters the same as those of the second scene.

May.—I'll tell you what to play, Blind Man's Buff.

All.—Yes! yes!

Polly.—Let me be the Blind Man.

Nellie.—Yes, let her.

May ties her handkerchief over Polly's eyes.

Polly.—I can't see!

Alice.—What a funny Blind Man!

Polly.—It's too tight!

Minnie, winking at the rest, loosens the handkerchief, which slips down on Polly's nose, as soon as she begins to run.

Polly.—I can see too much!

They all laugh, and run up to Polly to be caught. She clutches right and left, but they escape. Finally she totters and sits down on the floor, laughing, the handkerchief hanging around her neck.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A TABLEAU.

A room decorated with Christmas wreaths and festoons. Three little stockings—a red, a blue, and a pink one—hanging by the mantelpiece. Santa Claus in the act of filling them. He is very short, and he has a jolly red face, white hair, and great rotundity of figure. He wears a fur coat and cap dashed with snow (raw cotton), and carries a large lighted lantern, trimmed with sprigs of holly. His pack is full of all sorts of toys. A doll's head peeps from the top of one stocking, a tin trumpet and a whip from another, and Santa Claus is just putting a toy dog in the third Sleds, skates, picture books, and a little doll's trunk are placed near the stockings. The light should be managed so as to come from the fire-place, aided only by the lantern. A Christmas carol sung behind the scene, will add to the effect.

Christmas Morning.

The same scene by the light of two candles on the mantelpiece. Three little children, in night clothes, with tumbled hair, standing in different attitudes of surprise and delight, having touched nothing as yet.

FAMILY CARES.

A MINIATURE.

Mrs. Montagu, aged about ten years, wearing the dress of an older sister, tucked up in front, and trailing behind, and a cap made of an embroidered handerchief

is surrounded by a family of six dolls. Two of the dolls are in bed, one is in Mrs. Montagu's lap, one sits in a chair, and two are on the floor. To her enters Mrs. Mackintosh, similarly arrayed in a long dress, and wearing bonnet, cloak and gloves.

Mrs. Mont.—Good morning, Mrs. Mackintosh; this is really kind of you to drop in and enliven my solitude.

Mrs. Mack.—Solitude. My dear, if you call this solitude, where will you find society?

Mrs. Mont.—Oh! well, servitude, then; for if ever there was a bond slave, I have been one, since these children came down with the measles.

Mrs. Mack.—Ah! when did they come down, poor dears?

Mrs. Mont.—Day before yesterday, and Araminta here is getting them now, I am sure, she is so miserable and fretful.

Mrs. Mack.—How many kinds have they?

Mrs. Mont.—Oh! all three, of course—English, French and German. I hope to Patience the doctors won't invent—I mean discover—any more kinds.

Mrs. Mack.—Who is your doctor?

Mrs. Mont.—Dr. S. Ruloypius. We have always had him, and I should not be willing to trust any one else. He is so judicious, so sympathetic, and so—cute! He knows just as well as I do when we need to be sent away from home for a change, and he *never* uses any remedies that are worse than the disease.

Mrs. Mack.—Dr. Hipp might learn a few things of him, but I couldn't persuade Mr. Mackintosh of that He thinks the sun rises and sets in Dr. Hipp.

Mrs. Mont. [Administering a dose to each of the children in bed].—There! that will make them feel better, so it will! [Then turning to Mrs. Mack.] As if it weren't enough to have these children sick, the cook had to leave in a huff yesterday, so my waitress has to do her work, and the nurse has to take the waitress' place, temporarily; so, you see, I am in a fix. Then I am expecting company to-morrow, and a dressmaker Friday and Saturday, and the new minister is to stay with us over Sunday. The house cleaning ought to be begun at once, and when I *shall* do the spring shopping at this rate, I'm sure I don't know.

Mrs. Mack.—For my part, I haven't the heart to think of spring shopping, or anything else.

Mrs. Mont.—My dear! what *is* the matter? Here I have been going on in this egotistical way without noticing how you look. [With a meaning smile]—I hope nothing is wrong with your interesting family? How are they all? How are Fluffie and Poodie, and Puggie and Canary Dick, and Polly Parrot and Pussy Pinky, and—and—Mr. Mackintosh.

Mrs. Mack.—Oh! Mr. Mackintosh is well, but Fluffie had two convulsions yesterday, and I sat up half the night with the poor little thing. It was too pathetic to hear her moan. She is a little better this morning and I came out partly to ask old Mrs. McFadden what more I could do for her.

Mrs. Mont.—She is a pure Silver Skye, isn't she?

Mrs. Mack.—Yes, and so cunning, and sweet, and

stylish! Why! I shall be absolutely melancholy if I lose her. She has the best manners and the tenderest sensibilities! [Wiping her eyes.]

Mrs. Mont.—Don't, my dear. I'm sure she will get well. What did you give her?

Mrs. Mack.—Anise-seed tea, and soaked her feet in warm orange-flower water. Then I laid her on my eider-down puff, and covered her with a white zephyr shawl. Oh! she's better, but I have been *so* shaken!

Mrs. Mont.—No doubt, poor dear! But how are the rest? Has that mischievous Puggie been playing any more pranks?

Mrs. Mack. [Brightening].—Did I tell you about the fishing-tackle and the specimens?

Mrs. Mont.—No; what was it?

Mrs. Mack.—Why, you must know that Puggie and Pinky Pussie have grown to be great friends lately, and more's the pity; for what one doesn't think of the other does, and such messes as they have made!

Mrs. Mont.—But what did they want with fishing-tackle and specimens? What kind of specimens?

Mrs. Mack.—Why, some queer fishy and squirming things that Mr. Mackintosh caught in South America last year. He had them in jars in spirits, and he doted on them. Ugh! the horrid things! Well, he had lots of fine fishing-tackle all out on the table of his den, and two of the precious jars were standing there, too. He had had them out showing them to Prof. Prig the night before, and then they got so deep in some of their other dry stuff, that he actually came away without putting the things up. The door must have been

left ajar somehow, and Pinky and Pug got in there, and oh! [bursting into laughter, in which Mrs. Montague joins] what a piece of work they made! They played with the fishing-lines till they pulled the jars off the table, and then they were afraid of the "sarpints", and tried to run away. The fishing-tackle was twisted all around them, and they barked, and spit, and yawled; and when I went to find out what the fuss was, you never saw two dears more delighted than they were to see me.

Mrs. Mont.—What did Mr. Mackintosh say?

Mrs. Mack.—Mr. Mackintosh never swears. He thinks it is wrong; but—well! if you will believe it, he was angry at me! Fancy it! Men are *so* queer! Why, when Pug chewed up my lace bonnet, I asked my husband for some money for sundries, and went and got another; but you would have thought there were no more snakes and fishing-tackle in the world, to hear him go on.

Mrs. Mont.—Did you ever!

Mrs. Mack.—And since then I have to keep the poor darlings very close, and it wears upon them. I ought to be at home this minute to give them a little airing. Oh! you may talk about family cares; no one knows what mine are! But I *must* go. [Rises to leave.]

Mrs. Mont.—Good-by. Come again, soon.

Mrs. Mack.—Good-by. I hope you little folks will soon be quite well.

CHARADE—HAMMOCK.

First Scene: Ham.

Characters: Mary and her little friend Lucy learning a lesson from the same Primary Geography. To them enters Tom, Mary's older brother.

Mary.—Let me hear you say your's now, and see if you know it.

Lucy.—No, wait; I only know the White, and Yellow, and Black.

Mary.—Well, hurry up. I know all five.

Lucy continues to study about three minutes, moving her lips very fast, and staring at the ceiling a part of the time. Then Mary seizes the book.

Mary.—There! you must know it by this time; and if we don't hurry and learn our spelling, we sha'n't be through by the time my lovely birthday present comes. Papa will bring it out on the five o'clock train.

Lucy.—What is it?

Mary.—I don't know. It's going to be a s'prise—

Lucy.—Oh gay! gay! make haste with your old races.

Mary [Reading from the Geography].—"How are all the people of the world divided?"

Lucy.—The people of the world are all divided up.

Mary.—No, no! not up!

Lucy.—Well, then, *into*—divided into five principal races, named according to their color, and—and—where they live.

Mary.—"Name the five races in the world."

Lucy.—The five races are, the White, or Caucasian; the Yellow, or Mongolian; the Black, or—

Here Tom, Mary's older brother, enters, and looking very wise, takes the geography from her hand.

Tom.—Allow me to continue the examination. I fear this is rather superficial. From whom, young ladies, did the first branch that left their ancient homes, the North Africans, or Cushites, descend?

Mary.—That isn't in the book, Tom, and you are just bothering.

Tom.—The first branch descended from a son of the worthy Noah. This son was the father of Cush and Canaan, hence Cushites. Now, the name of this great ancestor of the Cushites you must certainly know. It is a name—

Mary.—Oh, Tom! I don't *care* what it is. It isn't in the book, and you'll make us late.

Tom.—Late for what, pray?

Mary.—Why papa is going to bring my birthday present out on the five o'clock train, and we are going to learn our spelling lesson before he comes, so I can be all ready to enjoy my s'prise.

Tom.—In that case, young ladies, the scientific exposition of the races must yield to the—the "s'prise."

Second Syllable: Mock.

Scene and Characters the same as those of the first syllable. Mary and Lucy are studying their spelling lesson from separate books. Mary is seated with her face toward Tom, who pretends at first to occupy himself with a magazine. Lucy sits with her back toward him.

As soon as Lucy gets to the point of rolling her eyes to the ceiling, and moving her lips very fast, Tom begins to mimic her, exaggerating her motions. This soon attracts the attention of Mary, who has much ado to keep from laughing aloud. Lucy, wholly absorbed, alternately bends her eyes to her book, and raises them to the ceiling, swaying her body backward and forward, and keeping her lips moving incessantly. Finally Mary giggles outright, and the scene ends.

Third Scene.—Whole Word.

Characters: Tom, Mary and Lucy all laughing together. To them enters at once John, Mary's six-year-old brother.

John.—O, Mary! mother says she's sorry, awful, and papa's had to go to New York on a telegram without your birthday present.

Lucy.—Tom, do people ride on telegrams?

Tom.—Never! They have to go on them sometimes, though.

Mary.—He wasn't going to take my birthday present to New York, anyhow.

Tom.—How's that Johnny?

John.—Why, he can't come home to-night, and Mary can't have her present till to-morrow, or sometime.

Mary and Lucy look rueful.

Tom.—What a mournful s'prise. Never mind, Puss I know what it is to be. It was just *too* nice! Oh! lovely! Don't you want to guess, and see how near you can get to it?

Mary.—Was it to eat?

Tom.—No.

Lucy.—To wear?

Tom.—No.

Mary.—To read?

Tom.—No. It's something to have out of doors in fine weather.

Mary.—He said I was too little for lawn tennis.

Tom.—You are not too little for this, and if you live to be as old as I am—ahem!—you will be too big for it.

Mary.—He said he couldn't afford a pony phæton.

Tom.—It isn't that. Miss Marjorie Daw had one, and she made great use of it.

Lucy.—"Sold her bed and laid upon straw."

Tom.—Not that one; Mr. Aldrich's Marjorie Daw.

Mary.—What, that make-believe girl I heard you and Fanny laughing about? I don't know what she had.

Tom.—Painful ignorance. Well, then, the "Sailor Boy;" "In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay, His"—his—*must* I tell you?

Mary.—Oh! I know! How splendid! It will have red stripes, I hope, and we will have it down by my playhouse.

Lucy.—O, Mary! don't you wish it was to-morrow?

Tom.—"Or sometime."

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

A PANTOMIME.

Henry, six years old, and Charles, eight, are playing in a nursery. Henry has just built, with great pains, a fine tall castle of blocks. Charles, in maneuvering with his rocking-horse, which is very spirited and refractory, upsets the castle and the builder.

Henry rubs his knees and his eyes alternately, and silently whimpers. Charles rubs Henry's head and makes pacifying motions. Then an idea strikes him and he points to a shelf where there are several books piled up. He reaches up and tries to draw out an under one, which is a large picture book, to amuse Charles. Before he gets it down an old Geography, in which every leaf is loose, tumbles from the top of the pile, thumping Charles on the head with its cover and showering the leaves all over him. As he starts back, rubbing his head, he upsets a pitcher of flowers on a small stand behind him. Charles snatches something from the stand and begins to mop up the water as it runs along the floor.

Here enters Nellie, ten years old. She opens her mouth and eyes very wide and raises her hands at sight of the confusion. Then she suddenly darts at Charles, snatches his mop from his hand, and holds up to view a doll's dress. She looks at Charles with an expression of "Now you see what you have done!" and turns away from him in a huff.

At that instant Henry sneezes three times. Charles and Nellie turn to behold him standing on a chair un-

der the book-shelf, completely covered with white powder. In his attempts to get the picture-book for himself he has upset the baby's powder-box, which stood on the shelf by the books. Nellie laughs silently, holding her sides. Charles lies down on the floor and covers his face with his hands and shakes.

Here Julia, aged twelve, enters the room backward, with her work-basket in her hand, and she is drawing a little rocking chair after her. She stumbles at a block, drops her work-basket, the contents of which roll over the prostrate Charles. Julia turns, and, with one glance at the occupants of the room, drops helplessly toward the rocking-chair. She just misses it and slides to the floor.

GRANDFATHER AND BILLY.

A boy of twelve, with a white wig, spectacles and a long coat, personates Grandfather. He is sitting, and leaning on a cane. His voice must be as deep as possible. Billy is six years old.

Grand.—Well, Billy, what did you learn at your new-fangled school to-day?

Billy.—Oh! forms and tolors [with a great effort] colors, I mean, and a little moddle-ing.

Grand.—"Forms, and tolors, and muddle-ing!" Sus! What lessons! And no a-b, abs, child?

Billy.—I don't know what they are.

Grand.—What! don't know a-b, ab; e-b, eb; i-b,

ib; o-b, ob; u-b, ub? [He drones them off in a monotone.] Well, Master Seavey would have had them into your head before this. Don't you even know your letters, you advanced young heathen? [He pulls Billy playfully by the ear.]

Billy.—'Course I know great A, little a, bouncing B, and round O, and crooked S, and—and—sometimes W and Y. I heard Minnie learning sometimes W and Y last night, and she showed 'em to me.

Grand.—I should like to know what kind of a master you have, anyhow. What is his name?

Billy.—It *isn't* a *man.* It's a nice young lady, Miss Nellie.

Grand.—Oh! I see; hum—just the one to teach forms, and tolors, and muddle-ing.

Billy.—*Moddle*-ing, Grandpa, not muddle-ing. We don't do it with mud. We have nice clean clay, and make things.

Grand.—What did you "moddle" to-day?

Billy.—I finished my cube, and then I made a lamb, but it wasn't a good lamb.

Grand.—What was the matter with it?

Billy.—Its tail was too big. Miss Nellie said I must notice a live lamb next time I saw one, and see how much smaller his tail is than his body. I am going to. I wish you would bring me a lamb the next time you come down, Grandpa.

Grand. [Chuckling].—Yes, and have him educated at your school. Do you ever "moddle" calves?

Billy.—No, we have to do cubes, and pound 'em, and spat 'em till they are *just* as right!

Grand.—What is a cube?

Billy—It's a form, you know; a *fundy-mental* form. [Nods his head very hard at "fundy" and "mental".]

Grand. [Highly amused].—Oh! what does it look like?

Billy.—Why, a letter-block without any letter on. It has faces, and edges, and corners.

Grand. [Opening his eyes wide].—Faces, edges and corners! How many faces?

Billy.—Six.

Grand.—How many corners?

Billy.—Eight.

Grand.—How many edges?

Billy—Eigh—no, twelve.

Grand. [With a twinkle in his eye].—Is it good to eat? [Produces a chocolate caramel.]

Billy takes the caramel and prepares to make a practical answer to Grandpa's last question.

Grand.—Wait! Tell us about colors, first.

Billy. [Peeling the paper off the chocolate cube].—Red, yellow, blue———

Here the caramel, which is a large one, disappears, and the examination is at an end.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A TABLEAU.

A pair of rocking horses with sleigh-bells around their necks; behind them two arm-chairs laid down on

their backs on the floor, so that the seat of the rear one furnishes a high back to the back seat of this improvised sleigh, and the front one in the same way forms the reverse seat. On the foremost top round of the front chair perches a very small driver in coat, cap and gloves. He holds a whip in his hand, and his reins are knit of bright colored zephyrs.

On the back seat of the sleigh are two tiny ladies, dressed for a cold drive, in shawls, hoods, and veils. On the front seat are two little gentlemen, in hats and coats too large for them. Several dolls' heads peep from under the wraps.

CHARADE—RANSACK.

First Syllable: RAN.

Scene: A sitting-room. Characters: Lily and Fanny, seven and eleven years of age. Fanny sits reading, when Lily enters quite breathless from running, and throws herself down on the sofa.

Fanny.—Lilly Bates! It was only this morning mamma told you you mustn't do so. You'll have that dreadful rash all over you again.

Lily.—I can't help it! I was 'fraid.

Fanny.—Was it "a big 'fraid," or "a little 'fraid"?

Lily.—I was only a little 'fraid at first when the pug dog ran out at me, and just as I was trying to get out of his way, that great big large black dog came round the house, and all but just knocked me down [half

crying], and I couldn't get Alice to come over here for something 'portant that we were going to do.

Fanny.—She'll come all the same, if she promised. Never mind!

Lily.—But I forgot to tell her the 'portantest thing, and she won't bring it.

Second Syllable: SACK.

Scene and Characters the same as those of the first syllable, with the addition of Alice Jones, eight years old.

Enter Alice.

Alice.—Good morning.

Lily.—Oh! good morning, Alice. I was going over to ask you something about that thing—you know—

Fanny.—And "the big 'fraid and the little 'fraid" got after her, and she came back faster than she went.

Alice.—"Big 'fraid and little 'fraid"?

Fanny.—The two dogs.

Alice.—What? Prim and Rex? They wont bite.

Lily.—What makes 'em run after folks, then?

Alice.—They want to play. We play with them lots.

Lily.—I don't like to be smelt of and most knocked down.

Fanny and Alice laugh. Then Lily and Alice whisper together a while. Fanny looks amused. She takes her book, and leaves the room.

Lily.—You see, I don't want Fanny to know, 'cause I don't want Nellie to know till it's all done. Can you cut one out?

Alice.—Mamma gave me a cunning little pattern that she kept the last time she dressed Cleopatra Macbeth, my tallest doll.

Lily.—Will it be too large for Elizabeth Eliza?

Alice.—Let's try and see. I brought Cleopatra's to try on her.

Lily.—That's just what I wanted to ask you.

Lily brings a doll, and Alice puts on it a blue sack that she takes from her pocket.

Alice.—There! It is only a seam too large, and the sleeves are a little too long.

Lily.—Lovely!

Alice.—Now let's lay the pattern on your stuff, and see if there is enough.

Lily.—Well, you see; I can't.

Alice turns the pattern about in various ways, on some blue pieces, holding her head first on one side and then on the other, and biting her lips.

Alice.—It's too bad. There isn't enough.

Lily.—Oh! and mamma's away. What shall we do! And to-morrow is Elizabeth Eliza's birthday, and I wanted to s'prise Nellie.

Alice.—Ask Fanny. May be she has something. She wont tell. Big girls are ashamed to tell.

Lily.—Well, you wait.

Whole Word.

Scene and Characters the same as those of second syllable.

Enter Lily, dragging a large piece-bag after her. She returns to the entry, and drags in another one.

Lily.—Fanny says there are some pink pieces in one of these bags, or else in that box [pointing to a covered box at the side of the room], and we can have them, she knows, for she heard mamma say they would do for dolls' things.

Alice.—Well, you look in the bags, and I'll take the box.

They fall to work, opening all the larger rolls of pieces, and spreading their contents out for fear of missing the precious pink scraps. When both bags and the box have been thoroughly overhauled without finding them, and the girls are looking at each other in despair, Fanny enters with the missing roll in her hand.

Fanny.—Lily Bates! what a looking room! What are you doing?

Lily.—Looking for the pink pieces, and they aren't here.

Fanny.—I found them in the entry just now. They must have fallen out of the bag as you dragged it along.

Alice.—O—oh! what a spite! Now it will take all the rest of the time to put the pieces back.

Fanny.—Oh! no. I'll help.

MOTHER FAIRY.

The smallest girls that can perform the parts should be selected. Their dress is as airy and light as possible, and gauze and tarletan wings shaped with wire

are fastened to their shoulders. Each has a small wand covered with silver or gilt paper. Mother Fairy has white hair, peeping from a high, fantastic cap, and a very long wand.

The scene opens with Mother Fairy alone, waving her wand.

Mother Fairy.

The moth is abroad,
And the glowworm alight;
The shimmering stars
Of the summer night
Are all at their tryst;
It was time I wist
To summon each wandering sprite.

[Enter on the right: Peach Blossom, Thistle Down, Morning Glory, Mustard Seed; on the left: Baby's Breath, Maiden Hair, Bell Pepper, and Mignonnette.]

Mother Fairy.

Now, welcome! each fay,
Your tidings, I pray;
Let us hope you have all spent a very good day.

[Mother Fairy touches each one successively with her hand, and as she does so, the fairy indicated gives her report of the day.]

Peach Blossom.

Three boys—no matter,
They are all the same;
There is no occasion

For place or for name—
Three boys
Were munching some hard green peaches.
The father, the doctor,
The mother, the nurse,
Had said they musn't.
"So much the worse!"
They cried,
"We will! no matter who preaches?"

So they sat munching,
Thinks I, "You just wait!"
I watched the number
That every one ate,
Six, nine,
Ten!—"What makes us feel so sleepy?"
Then I concocted,
Of kernels and pits,
A jam productive
Of horrible fits,
Shakes, quakes,
Moans, groans, and everything creepy.

I made them take it
And swallow it all.
Such writhing, gasping,
Did never befall
Three boys
Before, in truth or in seeming.
And when they waken
They feebly pipe,

"Look here! those peaches
Were not over-ripe,
Perhaps,
Or else we have all been dreaming."

Mother Fairy.

Aha! perhaps they had all been dreaming!

Bell Pepper.

Little Miss Caroline
Would suck her thumb,
Coaxing and threatening,
Punishing some,
Had no effect on Miss Caroline.

Hear how I cured her, though,
Pat as could be,
Whispered in Nursey's ear,
"Red pepper tea,
That's the best thing for Miss Caroline."

Nurse soaked the naughty thumb,—
Girl fast asleep—
Every one kept quite mum,
Secret to keep
Way from the stubborn Miss Caroline.

Next time the thumb went in,
Out it came quick,
Puzzled Miss Caroline
Said she was sick.
Thumb lost its charms for Miss Caroline.

Mother Fairy.

Oh! don't be too hard on poor Caroline.

Morning Glory.

Lazy-boots, Charlie boy,
Grandma's spoiled pet and joy,
Wouldn't get up in the morning.
There he would lie and sleep,
Breakfast a waiting keep,
Heed neither bell, call nor warning.

"When does he go to bed?"
This to his Aunt I said
Just by the way of suggesting.
"Go to bed?—With the owl!
Yes, he's an evening fowl,
Plainly he needs some more resting."

Thus mused his Auntie firm,
Vainly did Charlie squirm,
One hour ago his Aunt kissed him.
"Good night," she sweetly said,
"Nothing like soon to bed!"
Oh! how the family missed him.

Mother Fairy.

Fie! Doubtless dear Grandmamma missed him!

Thistle Down.

Moping Maria was low in her mind,
Parents and doctors could none of them find
What it was best to give her;

Trifles absurd weighed like lead on her heart.
She from her troubles was quite loth to part,
No one thought of her liver.

No one proposed a good romp in the air—
The dullness of mortals may well make us stare—
I lured her out to ramble.
Once she was out there was no going in,
She followed me panting through thick and thin,
A hygienic scramble.

To-night she enjoyed a new sauce for tea,
Hunger had long been a stranger, you see.
Then, her fancy beguiling,
I mingled such jokes with family chat,
Wonder of wonders, before them she sat,
Moping Maria, smiling.

Maiden Hair.

"My forehead is high,
And my father hates bangs.
To be out of style
Is the keenest of pangs,"
Complained poor little Miss Molly.
Her hair it is soft,
And her brow it is fair,
But Molly's the prey
Of cruel despair,
The slave of merciless folly.
The scissors she siezed,
I whispered "Beware!"

She clipped in despite
One small lock of hair,
And lisped, "This must be becoming!"
But do what she would
The lock would not stay.
It twisted and flew,
And turned every way,
Quoth I, "You will always be gumming."
The scissors she dropped
In petulant haste,
For dainty Miss Moll
Is not fond of paste.
She carefully brushed the lock under.
Now calmly she smiles,
Composedly walks,
She no longer heeds
How all the world talks,
"Why can't she wear bangs, I wonder?"

Mother Fairy.

She doesn't like paste? No wonder!

Baby's Breath.

I've been with the wee folk all the day,
They are so sweet in their happy play,
I'm always sorry to come away.

They have their griefs, though, poor little pets!
Big brother teases, big sister forgets,
And everyone wonders why Baby frets.

I help them in ways no one would guess,
I change cross Nursey's "no" to "yes."
I've made the fashions bother them less,
I help them their queer little woes to express,
Their innocent hearts I daily bless!

Mother Fairy.

Their innocent hearts we always bless!

Mignonnette.

Said grieved little Nancy:
"I am so plain
Nobody will love me;
Alas! the pain!
There's Rosamond Belle,
With curling hair,
Magnificent eyes,
And skin so fair,
They all adore her."
"Now, Nancy dear,
Are you so foolish?"
I made her hear.
She stopped to listen,
The gentle child.
"I tell you, Nancy:
A temper mild,
Is more than beauty,
Finer than grace;
A heart unselfish
Will hold a place
Denied to the very loveliest face."

"I see," said Nancy,
With brow serene;
"The heart unselfish
Will be the Queen."

Mother Fairy.

Right; little Nancy, with brow serene,
The heart unselfish will be the Queen.

Mustard Seed.

Headstrong Horace would nobody heed,
Of check and guidance he felt no need;
Grown people are so officious!
He couldn't see why his careless ways
Should fill the household with amaze,
As if they were really vicious!

Why shouldn't he leave his books on the floor?
And why must one bother to shut a door?
What was there in twilight that hurts one's eyes?
These were his notes of injured surprise.
Such smallness was quite harassing.
He only *forgot* that errand to do;
He left his task *just* before it was through;
He staid out barely a *half-hour* too long;
His answer was only a *little* wrong;
His innocence was surpassing.

His father groaned, and his mother sighed:
"Our first-born son, our hope and our pride,
Will do us little credit."

I came to the rescue with might and main,
Of dreadful results I started a train,
And on its way I sped it.

Pug spoiled a book he left on the floor,
The croup slipped in at the open door;
He missed an eagerly coveted prize
By taking no care of his "bothering" eyes.
The slighted errand a holiday cost,
The unfinished task a fine present lost,
The stolen half hour made him work half a day.
"Oh," he cried, "if mischief goes on in this way
(Here I gave him a startling brush with my wings)
I shall think there is something in little things."

Mother Fairy.

He will find there is something in little things.

All.

Through viewless portals
To heedless mortals
We enter with warnings and gifts all day;
With lightsome numbers
We soothe their slumbers,
Then speed to our greenwood home away.

A MORNING CALL.

A TABLEAU.

A little girl four or five years old sits surrounded by her playthings, holding a doll in her lap. On her head is a breakfast cap, over her shoulders a little shawl.

Near her sits another young lady of the same age, in bonnet, shawl and gloves. By her side is a toy poodle, which she holds by a leading string.

The face of the visitor is full of animation, for she has been telling some surprising piece of news to her friend, who, on her part, looks the picture of interest and astonishment.

A DRESS PARADE.

A TABLEAU.

Six little boys, three of whom are still wearing skirts are standing in line. A seventh, the commanding officer, is in front, facing them. The latter wears a soft hat, mashed together at the crown, and in the broad band of it is stuck a small feather duster. Red flannel epaulettes are fastened to his shoulders, and an oblong piece of some dark stuff is pinned to the back of his jacket to form the skirts of his military coat; a wooden pudding-stick dangles at his side for a sword, and he shoulders a yardstick for a gun.

One of the smallest boys has a tin pail on his head with the bail under his chin, and a tin pan and spoons for drum and sticks. Another has an old round of a chair for a fife, and wears a straw hat with chicken's feathers in it. A third has a stovepipe hat with a peacock's feather, and a red cape on his shoulders. The fourth wears a paper cap with long plumes of paper, and a paper belt. The fifth a red flannel cap and belt. The sixth a seal-skin cap with a shabby ostrich feather,

and a plaid sash. Each has a stick for a gun, no two being of the same size. They all stand on one foot with the other raised, as if in the act of making a forward march. The fifer holds his fife to his lips, and the drummer is in the act of drumming.

ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

A PANTOMIME.

A table is laid with toy dishes, and around it sit fou or five little boys and girls. A head waiter in white jacket and white cotton gloves, a subordinate waiter in white apron and gloves, and a waitress in white cap and apron, go through with the motions of serving a meal of several courses—soup, fish, meats, entrees, salad, puddings, pastry, ice-cream, fruits, etc., all of which viands and dainties are purely imaginary.

A lively wordless conversation goes on among the guests all the time—smiles, nods, shaking the head for no, shugging the shoulders, raising the eyebrows, waving the hands, mingled with gestures expressive of great enjoyment of the dinner.

The waiters ply their task with great eagerness, making blunders, for which the head waiter sharply reproves them with frowns, shakes of the head, and an occasional clutch at his own hair, as if in despair. The courses follow one another with as great rapidity as possible, being removed as soon as fairly served.

At the sixth course one of the guests declines with

emphatic gestures; at the seventh two more do the same; at the eighth only one guest partakes, and at the ninth the whole company vehemently wave the waiters off, and draw their chairs away from the table, while the head waiter wrings his hands, and the subordinates sob in their aprons.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY AND HER COURT.

A TABLEAU.

Under a very large cotton umbrella, held by a small courtier in waterproof cape and rubber boots, sits the small Queen arrayed in a waterproof cloak, the hood of which is over her head. Her feet, which are incased in India rubber shoes, rest on a cushion of green. Around her head is a crown of dandelions. Huddled about her under the umbrella are still smaller girls in water-proofs and rubber shoes. Four or five little courtiers, wearing rubber suits, and carrying very small umbrellas, stand near. All are gazing anxiously at the clouds.

PANTOMIME-CHARADE—SOMERSAULTS.

First Scene: SUMMER.

A group of boys and girls dressed in thin summer clothes. The girls are using large fans, and the boys flutter their straw hats vigorously. On the table is a pitcher of ice-water with glasses, to which they continually resort, making all the time gestures, shrugs, and sighs, expressive of over powering heat.

Second Scene: SALTS.

The boys have withdrawn, also a girl. One of the girls is lying back in her rocking-chair, with closed eyes and pale face. The others distractedly bring different things for her relief. One fans her with two fans, one sprinkles her face, another moistens her wrists with ice water, and a fourth sits on the floor before her, and, removing her shoes, begins to rub her feet. All with no result, till the missing girl returns with a smelling bottle in her hand. She opens the bottle suddenly close to the nose of the patient, who starts up violently and dances about, scattering her attendants in all directions.

WHOLE WORD.

The boys of the first scene are spurring on the youngest of their number, a very little fellow, to show them what fine somersaults he can turn. He does not once succeed in making a perfect one, but his ridiculous failures are greeted with clapping of hands and waving of hats, till the girls rush in, and after witnessing one performance and laughing silently, shake their heads at the other boys, and then all begin to fan the little one.

THE VISIT OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

A TABLEAU.

Ten or twelve dolls of different styles and sizes, and in different stages of dilapidation, are arranged on little chairs and stools as in a school-room. Three are sitting together at the front center in class. An

open atlas is standing in a chair at the right front, and a tiny school-mistress, wearing a long dress and eye-glasses, is pointing to a country on the map, and looking inquiringly at her pupils for an answer.

At the left front sit two small boys, in long coats, with large hats in their hands. One of them wears spectacles, the other is holding a cane, and both are listening with severe gravity to the recitation.

AIR-CASTLES.

[The boy who recites this is seated at a table, on which are several school books. He opens one after another, interrupting his desultory studies by castle building. At "There 'tis", in the last stanza, he rises and walks away with a book in his hand.]

When I am a man,
I sha'n't learn any lessons, I shall play.
Or only 'tend to business, any way.
Let's see, "The population of Japan?"
Oh! what's the use to find it if I can,
'Twill be three times as much when I'm a man.

When I am a man
I mean to always do just what I please,
And not be bothered with such things as these;
Oh! what a dreadful line this is to scan!
I shan't remember it when I'm a man.

When I am a man,
It isn't likely I shall *parlez vous*
There'll be so many nicer things to do;

Besides, they're sure to find some easier plan
To do French e's and u's when I'm a man.

When I am a man
I'll ride, and hunt, and fish, and travel round,
No master then to catch me out of bound—
"Five-fourths of nine," was that where I began?
I'll have my things all whole when I'm a man.

When I am a man
I'll never touch a dry old history book—
Oh! what a string of figures, only look!
All I remember is, the red-coats ran,—
I'll go to war myself when I'm a man.

When I am a man,
I shant be always dreading that old bell,
There 'tis, this minute! I don't know this well;
I can't think who succeeded to Queen Anne—
I hope kings won't succeed when I'm a man.

CHARADE—CANDIDATES.

First Scene: CANDY.

Three little girls, Nellie, Hattie and Louise, are discussing Christmas presents. Nellie is knitting, Hattie is working on perforated paper, and Louise is crocheting a little mat.

Nellie.—When I have finished these reins, mine are all done; I mean all the things I have to make.

And I know just what I am going to give to every body except Aunt Fanny.

Louise.—Why don't you crochet her a mat?

Nellie.—Oh! I must do something different. I heard her tell mamma she had a collection of mats and things large enough to stock the worsted department of the World's Fair, and I know well enough where she got them. Why, Clara and I, and even Jimmy, have made her some kind of mat every year ever since we began with those forlorn little things done with pins stuck in a spool. Auntie wouldn't let us know she didn't think they were splendid, and she has kept them all; but she sha'n't have any more from me.

Hattie.—Why don't you make her a hair-pin basket, then?

Nellie.—She had three last Christmas.

Louise.—Would you have time to make her a pair bedroom slippers?

Nellie.—I might have time if I knew how, her feet are so little, but I don't know how. I might have to ask her to show me. She has done them for everybody but herself.

Hattie.—Have you no money left?

Nellie.—Not to buy anything nice enough for her. Not more than thirty cents.

Here Jimmy, Nellie's brother, enters, holding in his hand a small white paper bag on which the eyes of the girls fasten at once.

Nellie.—O, Jimmy! how glad we are to see you.

Louise.—O, Jimmy! you sweet thing!

Hattie.—Jimmy, my dear, I always liked you, Jimmy.

Jimmy [Speaking rather thickly, with a large protuberance in one cheek].—Which do you like best, me or my paper bag?

All the Girls.—You!

Jimmy.—So much the better for the bag. Now if you love me, let me get my history lesson in peace.

He takes a chocolate cream, a burnt almond, and a huge sour ball from the bag, and places them in a row, before him on the table. After setting the open bag on a chair close to the three girls, he seats himself at a table with his back to his admirers, and takes his book.

Jimmy.—Excuse my back, my dears, and don't meddle with that bag, for you know you don't like it and it wont agree with you.

Nellie silently pounces on the bag, and offers it to Hattie and Louise, who help themselves.

Hattie.—These are nice. These would do for your Aunt Fanny. In a box, you know; only I'd have candied walnuts instead of sour balls.

Nellie.—How much does a pound box cost?

Hattie.—Only forty cents at that new place on Spring street.

Nellie.—I haven't forty—only thirty.

Louise.—Wouldn't your mother give you a box. You could get the goodies for thirty.

Nellie.—She had a very nice box left. She got some for her Sunday-school class. I mean to ask her.

As Jimmy proceeds with his history lesson, the chocolate cream and burnt almond disappear. When he puts the sour ball in his mouth, Nellie, observing it, motions to the girls to hurry and empty the bag which they do, concealing the contents in Hattie's work-basket. They then set the bag on the chair again. Jimmy soon turns, intending to supply the place of the vanished sour ball.

Jimmy.—Christopher Columbus!

Second Scene: DATES.

Characters the same as those of the first scene. The girls are laughing, but Jimmy looks perplexed and glum.

Nellie.—Do you know your history, Jimmy dear?

Jimmy.—I do' know, or care much.

Nellie [Taking the book].—Let us see. When did your friend, Christopher Columbus, discover America?

Jimmy.—In 1942.

Nellie.—Very well. What was the first permanent settlement, and when was it made?

Jimmy.—Coney Island. In 1878.

Nellie.—When was the Stamp Act passed?

Jimmy.—Fourth of July, 1776.

Nellie.—Battle of Bunker Hill?

Jimmy.—Next day. Fifth of July. Wouldn't stand it a minute, you see.

Nellie.—Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers?

Jimmy.—At Faneuil Hall—hum—it was either '48 or '49. I forget which.

Nellie.—I don't think you need to study history any more, Jimmy. Do you, girls?

Girls.—Oh! No!

Hattie passes her work-basket to Jimmy, who looks puzzled for a moment; then catching the comforting gleam of a sour ball, he accepts the basket graciously, and puts the sour ball in his left cheek.

Third Scene: Whole Word.

Characters the same as those of the first and second scenes. To them enter Charles and Jack.

Nellie.—You are the very ones we wanted to see. It's time to choose a Kriss Kringle for this year. Mother says we must manage all that ourselves. It's as much as she can do to attend to the tree and the supper.

Charles.—Are nominations in order?

Jimmy.—Yes, I guess so.

Charles.—I nominate Mr. James Green for acting Kriss Kringle at the coming Christmas Festival of the Five Families.

Jimmy.—Ladies—

Nellie.—The motion hasn't been seconded.

Jimmy.—Ladies and—

Louise.—I second the motion.

Jimmy.—Ladies and gent'—

Jack.—It is moved and seconded that Mr. James Green would make a good Kriss Kringle; as many as are in favor of that motion, please say "Aye."

All but Jimmy.—Aye!

Jimmy.—Ladies and gentlemen, I—I'd rather not.

Jack.—I nominate Mr. Charles Jones.

Nellie.—Second the motion.

Jimmy.—It has been moved and seconded that we want Mr. Charles Jones for our Kriss Kringle; as many as are in favor of that motion, please say "Aye."

All but Charles.—Aye!

Charles.—Ladies and gentlemen, I don't see any way how I can.

Jimmy.—I nominate Mr. Jack Sherman.

Hattie.—Second the motion.

Charles.—It has been moved and seconded that Mr. Jack Sherman must be our Kriss Kringle; as many as are in favor of that motion, please say "Aye."

All but Jack.—Aye.

Jack.—Ladies and gentlemen, you forget that I was it last year.

Nellie.—That is no difference. You are all so cranky that the only way will be to get the five families together, and make everybody vote for one of you three. Then the one that gets the most votes will just have to do it, that's all. Pass around the work-basket.

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

A TABLEAU.

Two tiny girls standing close together, an arm of each around the neck of the other. On their two heads is perched a lady's large shade hat, gaily trimmed with flowers. With their other two hands they hold a handsome parasol over their heads. Their own little hats lie on the floor near them, and behind them has

dropped the silk dolman, with which they have endeavored to complete their costume.

MOTHER GOOSE AND HER CRITICS.

Johnny, five years old; Susie, seven; Fanny, eleven; Sam, twelve.

Johnny.—Tell us some stories, Fanny.

Fanny.—Oh! I don't know any new ones, and you've heard all the old ones a hundred times. You know them by heart, yourselves.

Sam.—Yes, Johnny, you tell us some stories. Turnabout is fair play.

Susie.—Do, Johnny. Tell them about the blackbirds baked in a pie.

Johnny.—

"Sing a song o' sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the King?"

Sam.—How should you like to have that kind of pie when you get to be King?

Johnny.—I am going to be President and have chicken pie.

Sam.—Blackbird pie is good enough for a King, I suppose.

Johnny.—What made the birds sing when they were baked, Fanny?

Fanny.—I don't know. Yes, I do! They were so

hot, you see. Don't you know the tea-kettle sings when it is ready to boil?

Susie.—I don't believe it.

Sam.—Not believe Mother Goose.

Johnny.—It's true, Susie. I've seen the picture of it and the birds all flying 'round, and one's head sticking up out of the pie-crust, and the King holding up his hands this way.

Sam. [Winking at Fanny].—Of course, Susie. The King was as much surprised as you would be.

Susie.—It doesn't say anything about it. It just says:

"The King was in the parlor counting out his money,
The Queen was in the kitchen eating bread and honey."

I asked Aunt Jane, and she said it was nonsense; the Queen wouldn't be in the kitchen.

Fanny.—Where would the Queen be, then? She wasn't in the parlor where the King was counting out his money. I suppose he thought she would put him out, asking questions and such things.

Susie.—Why, *I* should think the Queen would have to stay on the throne when the King's off.

Sam. [Laughing].—Yes. Turn and turn about; one off and one on."

Johnny.—What's that other Queen in the picture, with a crown on, frying something?

Sam.—*She* was in the kitchen, any way; so you'll have to give it up, Susie.

Fanny [Looking knowingly at Sam].—Yes, and it tells the name of the King:

"When our King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag pudding."

Susie.—Aunt Jane doesn't say it that way; she says "*bought* three pecks of barley meal".

Johnny.—Aunt Sophy says "*stole*".

Susie.—Good Kings don't steal.

Sam.—"*Goodly*" Kings take things in a royal highness kind of way—bigger things than barley meal. I've learned history, so you may trust me for that.

Susie.—Eight quarts make a peck; I know that out of my last table. What a big family they must have had at the palace.

Sam. [Laughing].—Yes, there were all those fellows we heard Uncle Charley reading about the other night.

Galahad, and Geraint, and Modred, and Lancelot, and all those other Round Table chaps.

Fanny.—It wasn't that King Arthur.

Sam.—Who was it then. Mr. Tennyson had so many other things to tell about him that he forgot this. But Mother Goose always tells the most interesting things about people, and lets the other facts go. At any rate, that's what Aunt Sophy says. I heard her say that if it hadn't been for Mother Goose we never should have known whether King Arthur was a "good provider" or not.

Fanny.—Isn't Aunt Sophy funny!

Johnny.—She's nice! She knows Mother Goose all through. She 'splained to me all how the cow jumped over the moon, and old Aunt Jane said the cow couldn't jump over the moon.

Sam.—How did she 'splain it?

Johnny.—Why, you know how the moon came up over the top of the high hill when we were up country Well, you see, the cow just strolled—that's what Aunt Sophy said. She just strolled up the hill, and when the moon just got to the top, she threw up her hind legs—so—and jumped right over it, just as easy!

Susie.—I don't see what she wanted to do it for!

Sam.—Uncle Charley used to tell me it was an accident; that the cat fiddled, so be– *you*–tifully, that the cow danced, and danced, and the more she danced, the lighter she got; and the first thing the man in the moon knew, she *chasseyed* up to him, and when he shied off, away she went over the moon!

Johnny.—Pooh! I guess Aunt Sophy knows!

Fanny.—The man in the moon has had some funny visitors, according to Mother Goose. There was that old woman that went up to brush the cobwebs out of the sky.

Sam.—Uncle Charley says that was the occasion when

"The man in the moon
Came down too soon
To inquire the way to Norwich."

He says that men hate house-cleaning, and when he saw the old woman coming up with her broom, he started down, without considering that he was a little ahead of time.

Susie.—I like Bobby Shafto and "Mistress Mary, quite contrary," the best.

Fanny.—I like Robin Redbreast and Jenny Wren.

Johnny.—I like "Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John," and "Doctor Foster went to Glouster," and "See-saw, Margery Daw"—and—and all of it.

GRANDMA.

When we children fall out in our work or play,
And one angry word brings another,
"There! you spoil all the fun. It's always the way—"
"I didn't!"—"We'll go and tell mother."

Then dear old Grandma looks over her spectacles and says: "Here! here! 'Least said the soonest mended.'"

If we ever forget to be modest and sweet,
Our "elders and betters" respecting;
If our clamorous voices the company greet,
Disputing, advising, correcting,

Then dear old Grandma looks over her spectacles and says: "Whist! 'Children should be seen and not heard.'"

When our wee toddling man gets a scratch or a bump,
Or poor teething baby-girl worries,

When the ball hits poor Tom with a dreadful thump,
And every one fusses and hurries,
Then dear old Grandma looks over her spectacles and says: "There! There! dear. 'Twill be well before you're twice married!"

When we wish we had that, and wish we had this,
And all our things seem quite displeasing,
"All the best of the fun we must always miss!"
"Do let us!" and other such teasing,
Then dear old Grandma looks over her spectacles and says: "Children! children! 'a contented mind's a continual feast.'"

If we dream the most wonderful, lovely dreams
Of what we shall do when we're older,
Just when everything clearer than daylight seems,
And our projects get bolder and bolder,
Then dear old Grandma looks over her spectacles and says: "'Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.'"

If we worry about our next holiday;
"Just as likely as not it will rain!"
Or, "There's Susie 'll be getting the mumps any way;"
Or, "The picnicers may miss the train;"
Then dear old Grandma takes off her spectacles and laughs: "Don't run to meet trouble half way!"

But Grandma says sometimes, "I'm going away,"
And she says it so softly and slow;
And a tear down her wrinkled old cheek will stray,
When we beg her: "Dear Grandma, don't go!"
Then a tear down her wrinkled old cheek will stray
When we beg her: "Dear grandma, don't go."

PANTOMIME-CHARADE—FURBELOW.

First Scene: Fur.

Two little boys and two little girls are differently dressed in furs. One girl has a fur coat, the other has a muff and tippet. One boy has a fur cap and collar, and the other has fur mittens and ear warmers.

The little girls silently compare the quality of their furs, stroking them, sniffing at them, and making motions expressive of the warmth, softness and beauty of the several articles. The boys do the same with theirs.

Then by common consent they all change property. The boy with cap and collar changes with the girl who has the coat; and the one with the mittens and ear-warmers, with the girl who has the muff and tippet. Thus arrayed, they bow, wave hands, and separate.

Second Scene: Below.

Characters: One of the little girls of the first scene, and an older one, eleven or twelve years of age. The latter sits reading. The smaller girl calls her attention to a pile of pasteboard boxes on the floor, and points from them to herself to ask if she may have something from them. The older one nods and looks at her book. Then, looking up again and seeing the other lifting the lid from the top box, she shakes her head, and points lower down in the pile. When she looks up again the little one has removed the top box and opened the second. The older one shakes her

head again, and points lower down. This goes on till four boxes have been set aside, and only one is left at the bottom. Peeping into this, the little one looks inquiringly at the older girl, who nods for yes. Then the little one drops the cover on the floor, and dances about, expressing delight.

Third Scene: Whole Word.

The smaller girl of the last scene is alone with two dolls and the lower pasteboard box. From it she lifts a long flounce that has been ripped from an old dress, and she looks at it admiringly. Then she passes it over the back of her neck, crosses it on her breast, and with some difficulty ties it loosely behind, letting the long ends hang.

Clasping a doll in her arms, she walks up and down, looking behind at the trailing ends with great satisfaction.

A new idea striking her, she pulls the longer of the two ends in front of her, and winds it about her doll, patting her and kissing her as she does so.

Continuing her promenade thus for a moment, her eye lights upon the neglected doll on the floor. Laying down the one in her arms, she takes off the flounce, then, beginning at the end of it, she wraps it around one doll, and then around the other, winds it once around her neck, and once around her waist, drawing the end through and throwing it over her left shoulder, to hang down her back.

She skips about for a moment, always looking be-

hind her, and then walks very slowly off the scene, the flounce still sweeping after her when she has disappeared.

CHARADE—DENMARK.

First Scene: Den.

Three little boys, Henry, Tim and Ned; two little girls, Jenny and Florry. Playthings are strewn over the floor, and the chairs are in the middle of the room.

Henry.—Let's have a menagerie.

Tim.—Well, let's. I want to be the lion.

Ned.—I want to be the monkey.

Henry.—I'll be the keeper and the girls can be the people.

Florry.—I never heard of a menagerie with only a lion and a monkey.

Jenny.—No, nor I. Not even an elephant.

Henry.—Well, we can play all the chairs are cages, with hippopotamuses, anacondas, ostriches, and such things in them; but we will only exhibit the lion and the monkey, because they are the noblest and knowingest of animals. The lion is the King of Beasts, ladies and gentlemen.

Florry.—I think it would be a great deal nicer to play you were in the country where lions live, and go and fight one in his own house—hole, I mean.

Jenny.—Lair is what they call it in the picture books.

Tim.—That isn't what the Bible says. It doesn't say "Daniel in the lion's lair".

Jenny.—Well, it means that just the same.

Henry.—Well, you will live under the table, Tim; that will be your house—hole—lair, and we will come to hunt you out.

Tim gets out of sight under the table, which is covered with a large cloth, and Henry and Ned get sticks to begin the attack. As soon as they approach the table a frightful roaring is heard underneath. This increases when they thrust in their weapons. The lion being hard pressed, finally crawls off with his den, which, being light, runs easily on castors.

Second Scene: MARK.

Characters: The same as those of the first scene. Tim has a white mark on the shoulder of his Jacket.

Florry.—What is the matter with your jacket, Tim?

Jenny.—Yes, there's a long white streak on the shoulder of it.

Tim.—Is there? I hope it will come off. It is my new jacket.

Florry.—I don't see how it came there. Was there anything white under the table, Henry?

Henry.—No, I guess not [Florry and Jenny rub at the spot, and it begins to disappear].

Jenny.—It looks like chalk. What were those sticks you had to hunt the lion with?

Henry.—I had the yard stick.

Ned.—I had that long thing they push the bagatelle balls with.

Henry.—Oh! yes, I know now. I chalked the bagatelle stick last night, the way I saw Uncle Sam chalking his billiard cue; but I made a mistake, I did it all over the big end.

Jenny.—Now Henry! What a caper! Ned must have punched your shoulder well with it, Tim.

Tim.—Yes, he did, and that was the reason I went off with my lair, as you call it.

Florry.—Do get a brush, Henry. It wont all come off with our hands.

Henry brings the brush, and the girls work away till the mark disappears.

Third Scene: Whole Word.

Characters the same as those of the first and second scenes.

Jenny.—Now let's put the room in order before mamma comes home, and then read a nice story.

Florry.—Yes, do.

Henry.—You can put the room in order if you want to; we boys are going out.

Jenny.—Ain't you ashamed, Henry!

Henry.—Ye-es, a little. Come, boys, let's help them a half a minute and then skitter.

Florry.—Jim wont skitter till we are all to rights, for he has promised to be a gentleman, "always, everywhere."

Tim.—Now, Florry! That's a secret.

Jenny.—Oh! you can't keep it a secret. We've found you out. I know two or three nice things you

have done. Who lent his Andersen story-book to a sick boy before he had read them all himself?

Tim.—Ain't they nice, though, Jenny? Mustn't that be a strange old town where he lived, and what was the name of that queer funeral thing he slept on when he was little? Ca'a- something.

Jenny.—Catafalque, I had to get mamma to say it over to me two or three times. I looked out his country on the map, too.

Tim.—So did we. The capital has the same name as that game that we play with a rope ring.

Florry.—Yes, and I can't bear it. I mean the game, I guess the city is nice.

Jenny.—Oh! Its beautiful! Uncle Charley has been there and he told me about it.

Henry.—It's a gay country, isn't it, the hookedest peninsula and little splinters of islands. Uncle Charley says it was way up there on the biggest island that Hamlet lived.

Tim.—Who was Hamlet?

Henry.—Why he was the Prince and his father was King, and his uncle poured something out of a sewing machine oiler into his father's ear and killed him, and then he married the Queen so as to be King himself, and then the right King's ghost came stalking around at midnight and told on him and made Prince Hamlet feel so awful he didn't know whether "to be or not to be."

Jenny.—Oh! Henry! I don't believe they had sewing machines then; it was ages ago. That was a bur-

lesque, you saw Uncle Charley and the rest of them doing.

Ned.—What's a burnesk?

Jenny.—Burlesque, it is. It's when they make fun of some thing that was grand in the first place.

Henry.—Come, boys, let's go out.

Tim.—Wont you come too, girls, and we'll play hunkey-dee.

Ned.—Oh! Yes, come on!

TASTES DIFFER.

A TABLEAU.

A tiny barefooted boy, with ragged pants and a torn straw hat, astride a broomstick. In his right hand he holds a long switch and half a large cucumber pickle, which he is in the act of raising to his mouth.

Beside him a bit of a girl in a dark calico dress and sun-bonnet, hugging a disjointed rag baby in one hand, and holding in the other a large piece of bread and molasses, from which she is just taking a bite.

PHILOSOPHY.

If your kite is the biggest one,
And the finest, far or nigh;
If its tail drives the comet mad,
Ten to one it will not fly;
For you can't have everything.

If the plums in your birthday cake
Are like leaves in autumn cast,
You may make up your mind 'twill be
But a wretched cake to last;
For you can't have everything.

If you get to the head at school,
Then look out for pains and care;
It may cost you some morning naps
If you keep your vantage there;
But you can't have everything.

If you pay your rude playmate back
For his hasty, unkind deed,
You may win the boys' thoughtless praise,
You will miss your own heart's meed;
For you can't have everything.

Should you ever the secret learn
Of the souls that truly live,
Who have found that it is enough
To labor, and love, and give;
Then—you *will* have everything.

PANTOMIME-CHARADE—ALADDIN.

First Scene: A.

Several small girls and one boy in a class, before a large alphabet card. The teacher, a girl of ten or twelve years, points to the letter A, and makes with her lips the motion of pronouncing the letter, without

uttering a sound. The first child does the same after her, and the second the same, and so on through the class.

Then the teacher once more points to the letter, and moves her lips, and with a wave of her hand indicates the whole class, whereupon all the children together make the A motion of the lips.

Second Scene: Lad.

Characters the same as those of the first scene, with the addition of a boy, personating an old gentleman,—viz., spectacles, long coat, and cane. The pupils are seated in a row when the old gentleman enters. The teacher shakes hands with him, and gives him a seat. He points to the class, and then to the alphabet card.

The teacher beckons to one of the little girls, who rises to come to her; but the old gentleman shakes his head, and waves her back. Another rises to come, but he shakes his head at her also. All the girls are thus sent back, when the boy rises. The old gentleman nods, smiles, and beckons him to come.

The teacher makes the lad say his alphabet silently, and the old gentleman is delighted. He pats the boy on the head, and finally shakes hands with him and the teacher, and departs, bowing coldly to the little girls.

Third Scene: Din.

Recess in the little class. The teacher sits alone in the school-room, but through the open door comes the

noise of recess,—the beating of a drum, a tin horn, a mouth organ, laughter, singing, shouts.

She bears it for a moment, then pressing her hands to her ears, runs to shut the door.

Fourth Scene: Whole Word.

A boy, dressed in Turkish trousers, and a loose sack or blouse falling a little below the waist; a turban on his head, sandals on his feet, and in his hand an antique lamp, which he rubs, looking away into the distance as if he saw the wonders his magical lamp is working.

If an antique lamp be not procurable, the pictures of Aladdin must be consulted, and something resembling one as nearly as possible, be subsituted for it.

CHARADE—AMBUSCADE.

First Scene: Am.

Five boys, Charles, Austin, Jacob, Will and Fred. Charles, the oldest, is eleven years old; Will, the youngest, six.

Fred.—I say, boys, Miss Green says I may skip over the Sixth class into the Fifth if I'll learn separate Grammar lessons with her a few weeks. I am well enough in Arithmetic, Geography and Spelling, but I only know "a noun's a name", and that's all I do know about Grammar.

Austin.—How much Grammar do you have to know to be in the Fifth?

Charles.—To Personal Pronouns, I guess.

Fred.—Yes. Noun, Adjective and Verb.

Will.—I know some personal pronouns. I heard Lizzie doing something with them the other night. It wasn't reclining, I guess, but it was something like it.

Jacob.—Declining, wasn't it?

Will.—Oh, yes! that's it. It went like this:

I am,	We am,
You am,	They am,
He, she or it am,	Thou am.

[Charles, Austin and Jacob laugh.]

Will.—Or something like that.

Charles.—You won't need to take separate lessons when you want to get into the Fifth.

Jacob.—The inhabitants of Grammar Land would be astonished to hear such declensions, wouldn't they?

Second Scene: 'Bus.

Characters the same as those of the first scene, with the addition of Annie and Lizzie, sisters of Charles, Annie being older, Lizzie younger than he. They enter at the beginning of the scene.

Charles.—Why, how did you get over so soon?

Annie.—Guess! We came by a new way, and in great style.

Austin.—Did Uncle Tom take you up in his buggy?

Liizze.—No.

Jacob.—You didn't come round on the boat. It does not begin to run till next Monday.

Annie.—No.

Will.—Did Aunt Ella bring you over in her phæton?

Lizzie.—No.

Annie.—We may as well tell them, Lizzie. They'll never guess, and it's such fun. You see, we started to walk, and we had only turned the corner when we saw that beautiful new Mayflower, that Uncle Tom told us about, coming along with four horses. There was nobody inside, but we thought of course it had begun to run regular trips, so we held up our forefingers as fine as you please. The driver looked puzzled, but there was a young gentleman up beside him and he said something to him and made him stop, and we got in. When we handed up our fare they both laughed and said there was no charge to-day. Then we were scared, and wanted to get out, but the young gentleman said, "On no account," and asked us where we wished to go. We told him "to Ivy Terrace," and they drove up here to the very door, and the young gentleman got down and helped us out with a great flourish. We thanked him as well as we could and then hurried in. Sister Fan came running down stairs with her eyes as large as saucers, for what do you s'pose?

All the Boys.—What?

Annie.—The brand new Mayflower was chartered to take those elegant English people, over at the Neck, on a little pic-nic to-day, and Fan knew all about it. That fine young gentleman had come out of his way to bring us round here, rather than tell us our mistake.

Lizzie.—We shall never hear the last of it.

Third Scene: CADE.

Characters: Charles, Annie and Will.

Will.—I know my spelling now. See if I don't, Annie.

Annie [Taking the book].—Fade.

Will.—F-a-d-e, fade.

Annie.—Lade.

Will.—L-a-d-e, lade.

Annie.—Made.

Will.—M-a-d-e, made. There's another one before fade that you didn't give out.

Annie.—Oh! yes, Cade.

Charles.—What kind of word is that? It must be a made-up word. I never heard it before.

Annie.—May be Mr. Worcester has. Suppose you look and see.

Charles. [After consulting the Dictionary].—Yes, sure enough. "Cade, a cask or barrel. 'A cade of herrings.—Shak.'"

Fourth Scene: WHOLE WORD.

Characters: Charles, Austin, Annie and Will.

Annie.—What are you reading, Charles?

Charles.—About the war of Africa.

Annie.—Can you understand it? Is it interesting?

Charles.—A little, because I heard Uncle Tom talking about it the other night. The natives are always coming out of hiding places and surprising the English when they think there is no force of them around.

Austin.—Uncle Tom says that is a favorite plan of warfare with savages, and he should think that the Britons would be up to snuff with them after awhile.

Annie.—Wasn't it too bad about the young French Prince! I should think Eugenie would hate war after all the hard time she has had.

While this conversation has been going on, Will has crept unnoticed into the small space between Charles' chair and the wall. When Austin, at this point, rises to pass him, Will springs out with a warwhoop that makes the room ring.

Austin [Surrendering].—Save me, comrades! Save me! I am caught in an ambush and surrounded by one man!

Charles and Annie make a feint of going to the rescue, and Will lets his prisoner go and slips out of the room.

CHARADE:—SPARTAN.

First Scene: SPAR.

Characters. Sam and Tom, seven and eight years of age.

Tom.—Papa's going to get me a velocipede at Christmas, if I'm a good boy.

Sam.—You wont get it, then.

Tom.—How do you know I wont? I shall too!

Sam.—You wont be a good boy, that is why you wont get it.

Tom.—I guess I'm as good as you are, anyhow.

Sam.—You aren't, you lost my new ball.

Tom.—I didn't! You lost it yourself.

Sam.—Oh! What a story!

Tom.—I wont ever let you ride on my new velocipede if you talk so.

Sam.—If your papa knew how bad you are he wouldn't get you one.

Tom.—You better tell him.

Sam.—I'm nobody's tell-tale.

Tom.—Yes you are! You told on me when I didn't mean to hit you with the croquet mallet.

Sam.—I never!

Tom.—I know better!

Sam.—I wont play with you any more.

Second Scene: Tan.

Laura and Carrie, ten and eleven years of age, are walking up and down together. Laura wears a large shade hat with a thick green veil drawn over her face, and carries a large parasol.

Carrie.—I should think you would smother with that veil on, this warm day.

Laura.—Oh! I'm used to it, and anyhow, mamma will not let me go without it. She says there is no use in having a delicate complexion if you don't take care of it. When she was a little girl her mamma let her go bare-armed all one summer just because she wanted to, and she says her arms have never come white.

Carrie—I should hate to have a complexion, for I can't bear a veil, and I always forget my parasol. I couldn't have any fun with the boys if I had to be so careful.

Laura.—Mamma thinks it makes girls rough to play with boys.

Carrie.—My mamma says it makes girls healthy to be out doors and run and jump; and she says boys and girls can have better times together than just boys or girls alone.

Let's cross over and stop at Jenny's a few minutes, and then you can get your veil off awhile.

Third Scene: Whole Word.

Characters: Carrie, Laura and Jenny.

Jenny.—I am so glad to see you, girls! I'm as well as anything, but mother is afraid to have me go out till to-morrow. What did Miss Blake talk about in the conversation class, to-day?

Carrie.—Oh! About Lycurgus and his people. She told us about his iron money first, because some one complained of our heavy silver dollars. Then she went on about how stern they were, and about what laconic means. Then she told how they wouldn't let weak little babies live, and how the boys were trained to bear all sorts of hardships, and about the one that stole a fox, was it? and let it eat into him rather than to be found out.

Laura.—And she said the mothers used to tell their sons when they went to war to come back "with your shield or on it."

Jenny.—That wasn't so bad. That was brave; but I like the Athenians best. They were just as brave, and a great deal—nicer.

Carrie [Rising to go].—We just stopped a minute to see how you were. I'm glad you're better.

Laura.—He p me tie my veil, please.

Jenny.—Yes, you must go home "with" your veil or "on it," or your mother will not be glad to see you.

INQUIRING FRIENDS.

[This can be recited by a group of little children, each one asking a question in turn.]

"How does the fly walk
Upside down on the wall?"

"Why don't we fall off
If the world is a ball?"

"And how can it turn
And not joggle at all?"

"What's under the sea?
'Earth?' Then what's under *that?*"

"Say! Is it all true
About Whittington's cat?"

"What makes the balloon
Go off up in the air?"

"The man in the moon,
Is he all alone there?"

"Where does Jack Frost stay?
In a house made of ice?"

"Will Santa Claus know
If we're real good and nice?"

"Do giants live now?
Are there any round here?"

"Could you *touch* the North Pole
If you traveled a year?"

"What sprinkles the dew
In such cute little drops?"

"How do the stars know
When the daylight just stops?"

"Why don't the ships sink,
And the pebble can't float?"

"How do big birds fly?
How can steam push a boat?"

"Can they reach the sky,
Way off there on the hill?"

"Is that pot of gold
At the rainbow's foot, still?"

"Did you ever see
A really fairy ring?"

"When our ship comes in,
What do you s'pose it will bring?"

BETTER NEVER THAN LATE.

A PANTOMIME.

A very small boy and girl, dressed for a journey, with handbag, shawl-strap bundle, bandbox, bird cage, kitten in a basket, and three dolls, stand panting and looking distractedly after a slowly departing train of cars, consisting of four chairs laid on their backs on the floor. The chairs are overlapped and tied together, and between the round and seat of the foremost one are two little boys, who act as motive power. One holds his fist to his mouth, as in the act of blowing the whistle, and the other is making the motions of ringing the bell.

GUILTY? OR NOT GUILTY?

A court scene: Twenty-six boys; a judge in white wig, spectacles, and red gown; two lawyers, one for the Prosecution, and one for the Defense, in cue wigs and black gowns; five witnesses for the Prosecution: Arithmetic, Spelling, Geography, Reading, Writing; five witnesses for the Defense: Skating, Croquet, Kites, Boating, Base Ball; and the prisoner at the bar, wearing a dunce cap. Twelve Jurors. The various witnesses wear or carry the symbols of their parts. Arithmetic has a multiplication table hanging around his neck, and figures pinned to his sleeves. Spelling displays on his person leaves from an old spelling book. Geography carries a small globe, and has a map of the

world suspended from his neck. Reading has a large alphabet card, and an open reading book. Writing wears a wide, round collar, cut from a copy book, and deep cuffs of the same turned back over his sleeves.

The witnesses for the Defense display respectively: A pair of skates, croquet mallet and balls, two or three kites of different sizes, a pair of oars, and a base ball and bat.

Judge.—The proper formalities having been complied with in this case, the prisoner stands arraigned at this bar to answer the dreadful charge of being a Dunce.

Counsel for Pros.—First witness, Reading.

Reading.—May it please the Court, the prisoner has always shown from his earliest infancy a great inaptitude for, and, I may say, a fixed dislike to the noble art of Reading. He was twice whipped and three times shut up in a dark closet, before he would even say "A." After he could read words he was heard to say that he wished he had never learned, for now he would have to get lessons, besides. He always drawls his words so as to take all the sense out of them when he is reading aloud, and when he is reading to himself he yawns at every third line, and looks out of the window every fourth one. In short, he is a Cadmean Dunce.

Counsel for Def.—Were any other allurements than the rod and the dark closet associated with his early acquaintance with letters?

Counsel for Pros.—I think that question should be ruled out, your Honor.

Judge.—The question is admitted.

Witness.—I do not know of any other. I do not see what——

Judge.—Ruled out.

Counsel for Pros.—Second witness, Spelling.

Spelling.—When I first became acquainted with the prisoner, he was struggling to prevent the entrance of a-b, ab, into his infant mind. Since then he has pursued a consistent course, and he has fought the spelling book at every step with a persistence worthy of a better cause.

Counsel for Defense.—We have heard that expression before.

Counsel for Pros.—The learned counsel shows contempt of Court.

Judge.—The learned counsel will take care.

Counsel for Def. [To witness].—How many lines of spelling did he have to learn when he was six years old.

Counsel for Pros—I object.

Counsel for Def.—May it please the Court, it is according to precedent.

Judge.—The question is admitted.

Witness.—I think not more than four.

Counsel for Pros.—Third witness, Arithmetic.

Arithmetic.—Never shall I forget my first impressions of the prisoner. He was learning two 1's are 2, two 2's are 4, and when he got to two 6's he stayed on it three weeks before he could or would get over it. It is certain that he doesn't know his 5 table yet,

and as for numeration, notation, weights and measures, and fractions, he has been kept in them till his teacher is worn to a shadow. He is an Arithmetical Dunce.

Counsel for Def.—How high was he made to numerate and notate when he began to learn numbers?

Witness.—Not higher than vigintillions.

Counsel for Pros.—Fourth witness, Geography.

Geography.—The prisoner has always been a great trial and care to me ever since he refused, at the beginning of his geography lessons, to believe that the earth is a globe or ball. He also despises the statement that there is only one-fourth land and three-fourths water. He says any one can see for himself that it isn't such a sloppy world as that. That is only a specimen of his whimsical obstinacy. When pressed by his excellent teacher to learn about the seasons, lest he should mortify her when he grew up by not knowing the difference between winter and summer, he pertly replied that he guessed he could "tell by the hotness". He cannot bound his own State. He is a Geographical Dunce.

Counsel for Def.—What Geography had he to begin on at six years of age?

Witness.—Mitchell's large; none better.

Counsel for Pros.—Fifth witness, Writing.

Writing.—The copy books of the accused are a sight to behold. Dragons, butterflies, caricatures of his teachers (painfully well executed), plans of bridges, and a plenteous sprinkling of blots greet his distracted

writing-master's eyes. His straight lines and O's would shame a four-year-old. He is beyond a hair-line of doubt a Chirographical Dunce.

Counsel for Def.—First witness for defense, Skating.

Skating.—When the accused was first put in jacket and pants, my acquaintance with him began. I can testify that whatever may be his deficiencies in such trifling matters as the mulitiplication table, straight lines and O's, he early displayed the most beautiful skill in making figures and drawing lines of beauty on the ice. I dare assert most positively that the base charges that are brought against him, if not wholly false, are not worth mentioning in comparison with the good things that can be said of him in connection with the glorious and intellectual sports, coasting and skating.

Counsel for Pros.—How often did he steal time from his lessons to perfect himself in these glorious arts?

Counsel for Def.—That question is not according to precedent.

Counsel for Pros.—The learned gentlemen will find that it is according to a notable precedent in the case of Bog *vs.* Frog.

Judge.—Question is admitted.

Witness.—I have no means of knowing; but if——

Judge.—Ruled out.

Counsel for Def.—Second witness for defense, Croquet.

Croquet.—On the fourth of last July I witnessed a croquet match in which the accused took a conspicuous part, and I dare affirm that if he cannot bound his own State, he can send a ball through two wickets in the most scientific manner, and he can dismiss the balls of his adversaries to foreign parts with a deadly certainty. Master of the Mallet, Rover of Rovers, First at the Stake.

Counsel for Pros.—Our enthusiastic friend was not called to argue this case.

Counsel for Def.—Third witness for Defense, Kites.

Kites.—The accused has long been well known to me, and if devotion to newspaper literature, and a ready hand at turning the heaviest editorials, and the puffiest advertisements to good account in the high art of kite-making and flying, means anything, I can testify that the accused is not a dunce, and never was, and never will be.

Counsel for Def.—Fourth witness for Defense, Boating.

Boating.—There isn't a boy in all the town that handles an oar better than the prisoner. I speak what I know, for many is the race I have seen him take on the river; and I have never seen him beaten yet.

Counsel for Def.—Fifth witness for Defense, Base Ball.

Base Ball.—I can testify that the accused is Champion of the "Picked Nine" of our club; and I can state from certain knowledge that he has risen to that distinguished position by exertions and endurance un-

equaled. I know for certain that he has more crooked joints on his hands, and that he has had in time past more thumps on various parts of his person than any other Base Baller in the field.

Counsel for Pros.—I feel that little is required of me after the startling array of testimony offered by the witnesses for the Prosecution. Whipped and closeted for not saying, "A," unable to grapple successfully with Two 1's are 2, revolting at a-b, ab, repelling the very globe he dwells on, and running the risk of being compelled to make his mark, instead of signing himself legibly "Dunce." what, I ask this Court, and these gentlemen of the Jury, what more, except the cap that so well becomes him this moment, is necessary to prove the awful charge which he is called to answer!

Counsel for Def.—If my learned adversary feels that little is incumbent on him, still less do I need to utter a word of my own in behalf of my client. I simply call attention to the incredible revelations which the cross-questioning of the witnesses for the Prosecution has elicited.

If the prisoner is a dunce for not saying "A" and learning a-b, ab, and Two 6's, and the form of the earth, and the script alphabet, what shall we say of the tutors and tutresses who have used such inconceivable incentives as rods and dark closets, and who have bewildered a brain which has been shown in the most conclusive manner to be one of no mean order, with their vigintillions, and Mitchell's large, and four lines of spelling, for a mere babe of six years?

Judge.—In charging this intelligent Jury, I would have them deeply impressed with the importance of the case before them, and the urgent duty which is laid upon them of sifting with great care the testimony laid before them, and of weighing with the greatest precision the arguments that have been deduced therefrom. Let them remember that these deeply, deeply aggrieved Branches of Education, these outraged "Three R's" that have testified here, may be quite too sensitive to any slighting of their claims; but, on the other hand, let them not forget that the festive witnesses for the Defense may equally lay too much stress upon the accomplishments they claim for the accused. Above all, let them take time.

[The Jury withdraw.]

Judge.—In all probability the Jury will be out several months. The inconvenience of sitting till their return is evident. The Court will, therefore, rise.

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